

THE DEBUT OF THE CLASSIC  
E.C. HUMOR COMIC

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

# MAD



No. 1  
OCT-NOV.



THAT THING!  
THAT SLITHERING  
BLOB COMING  
TOWARD US!

WHAT  
IS IT?

IT'S  
MELVIN!

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A thousand years ago, the state of the art that combines words and pictures was the illuminated manuscript - a carefully crafted, fragile document telling a tale only a select few would ever be privileged to read. A thousand years from now, the art form may evolve so that each of us takes the raw electrons from the air and turns them into our own fantasies, moving and speaking on command for the world to access. In between those forms, we have comics.

DC Comics celebrates the millennium mark by offering you the best and most vital examples of our art form. This millennium collection represents our most creative, most cataclysmic and most collectible issues for your shelf.

Paul Levitz

EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT & PUBLISHER

## REMEMBERING THE MILLENNIUM

Today, when you hear the name **MAD**, most people either think of the popular Fox-TV series or the black and white magazine that's still published for a mere \$2.99 (cheap!).

Yet **MAD** started life as a color comic book, part of William M. Gaines's plan to publish the kinds of comics he wanted to read. After inheriting the company in the wake of his father's accidental death a few years earlier, Gaines slowly exerted control. A telling sign of this influence was Gaines's decision to change the meaning of the company's name, E.C., from Educational Comics to Entertaining Comics.

Working with writer/editor Al Feldstein, Gaines put out a variety of high-quality horror and science fiction

comics, led by *Tales from the Crypt*. When the duo was joined by the brilliant writer/editor Harvey Kurtzman, the line expanded to include war (or, as the title itself described it, "He-Man Adventure") with the ruggedly realistic *Two-Fisted Tales*.

Hoping to further expand his line, Gaines thought about what he wanted next. As described in the introduction in the original **TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD #1**, they

considered and rejected westerns and romance. But Gaines wanted something fresh.

So it made sense, in late 1952, to put out a humor title, taking advantage of Harvey Kurtzman's prodigious talents. **MAD**'s first issue had stories illustrated by the usual (and spectacular) stable of E.C. talent: Jack Davis, Wally Wood, and John Severin, all illustrating tales with funny twists on the standard E.C. formula. It was Kurtzman's intent to spoof all genres of comics, and he wrote (and laid out) everything in exacting detail. The artists, encouraged to be wackier than ever, responded with some of

**TALES CALCULATED TO  
DRIVE YOU MAD #1**  
*SATIRE FOR  
THE MASSES*



continued on inside back cover →

MILLENNIUM EDITION: **TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD 1**. February, 2000 (Originally published as **TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD #1** October-November 1952, copyright 1952 E.C. Publications, Inc.). Published by DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. Cover and introduction copyright © 2000 DC Comics. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks E.C. Publications, Inc. The stories, characters and incidents featured in this publication are entirely fictional. Printed in Canada.

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**TERROR DEPT.!** PLEASE! WE WARN YOU! DO NOT READ THIS STORY! THROW THIS COMIC BOOK AWAY BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!... VERY WELL, RASH FOOL! READ ON! BUT REMEMBER! WE WARNED YOU! THERE ARE MANY THINGS NOT MEANT FOR THE EYES OF MAN! OOOHHEEEHEEEHEEE...

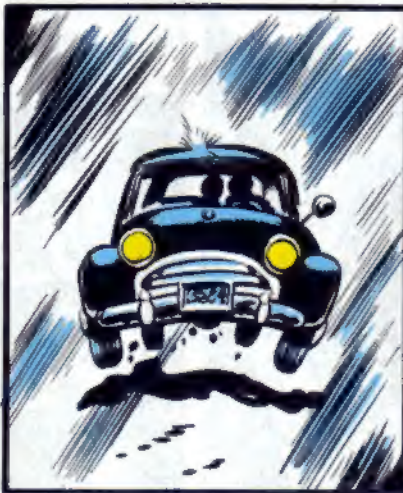
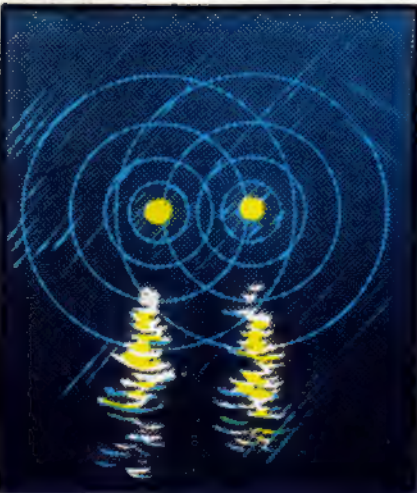
# HOOHAAH!



**NIGHT!**...BLACK, WET, POURING NIGHT, WITH THE MUFFLED MONOTONOUS SIZZLE OF FAT RAINDROPS HITTING THE GROUND!

**NIGHT!**...ROARING VELVETY NIGHT, PUNCTUATED BY BLUE-WHITE FLICKERING LIGHTNING AND BOWLING-BALL THUNDER!

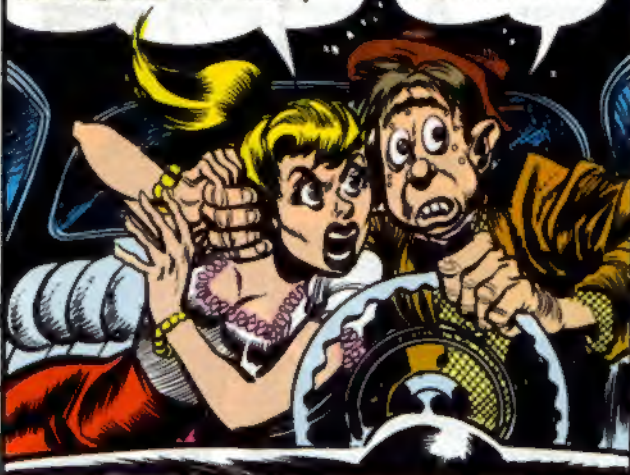
**NIGHT!**...WHEN MEN SLEEP AND EVIL WAKES!...A BLACK SEDAN CAREENS THROUGH THE NIGHT, SWERVING MADLY ON THE WET ROAD!





**GALUSHA! STOP SWERVING MADLY ON THE WET ROAD AND DRIVE WITH TWO HANDS! MUST YOU HUG ME ALL THE TIME?**

**I-I DON'T WANT MUGGIN', DAPHNE! I JUST WANT PROTECTION!**



**KAPOKA  
KAPOKA  
KAFONK  
FLZT**

**GALUSHA! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE CAR?**

**UH-OH! LOOK AT THE GAS METER! IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE OUT OF GAS!**



**UP TO YOUR TRICKS AGAIN, EH, GALUSHA? WELL I'LL JUST GET OUT AND WALK!**

**HONEST, DAPHNE! NO GAS!**



**OUT OF GAS IN A RAINSTORM ON A DESERTED ROAD! NOW CONVENIENT, GALUSHA!**

**PLEASE, DAPH! HONEST!**



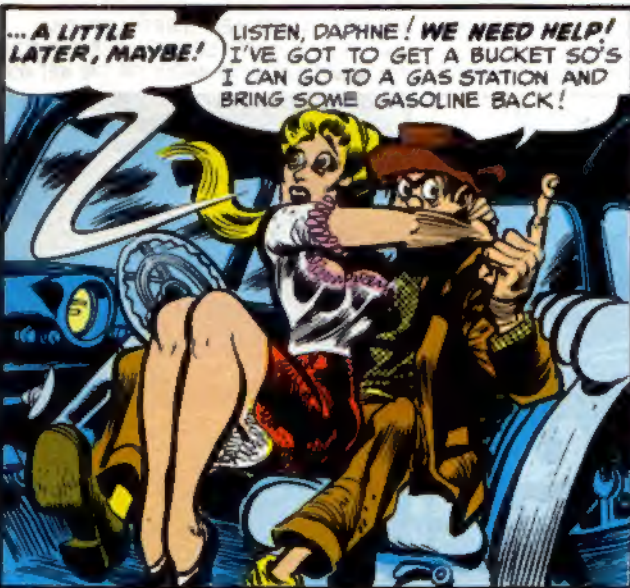
**MEN RESORT TO ANYTHING...! WELL, I'M NOT AFRAID! I'LL JUST WALK HOME...**

**CRACK  
CRACK  
KBLOW!**



**...A LITTLE LATER, MAYBE!**

**LISTEN, DAPHNE! WE NEED HELP! I'VE GOT TO GET A BUCKET SO'S I CAN GO TO A GAS STATION AND BRING SOME GASOLINE BACK!**



**SUPPOSE'N I GO TO THAT HOUSE UP ON THE HILL THERE AND SEE IF I CAN BORROW A BUCKET, JUST SUPPOSE'N!**

**THAT HOUSE... ON TOP OF THAT HILL! OH N-NO, NO, GALUSHA... I MEAN GALUSHA! NOT THAT HOUSE!**





ANH, COME  
ON, DAPH!  
ALL I WANT  
IS A  
BUCKET!

GALUSHA! THAT'S THE  
BOGG HOUSE! THEY  
TELL MANY STORIES  
OF THE BOGG HOUSE  
IN THE VILLAGE!



STORIES OF TWO BROTHERS, GOG  
AND MAGOG BOGG WHO LIVED  
THERE ALONE! THEY HARDLY  
EVER LEFT THE MANSION! ONE  
DAY, GOG BOGG WAS FOUND  
UNDER A LOG, WITHOUT  
HIS HEAD!



MAGOG, WAS SUSPECTED AS THE  
MURDERER... WENT STARK RAVING  
INSANE! THEY SAY GOG'S HEAD  
IS STILL IN THE BOGG HOUSE...  
AND THEY SAY THAT GOG COMES  
LOOKING FOR IT EVERY NIGHT!

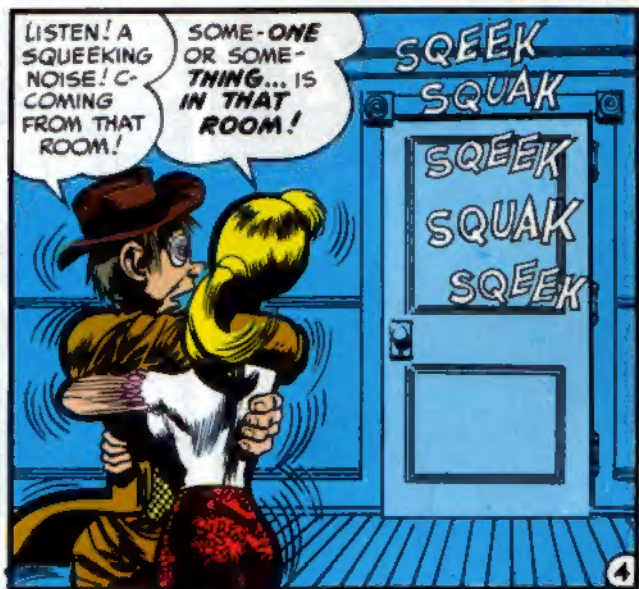
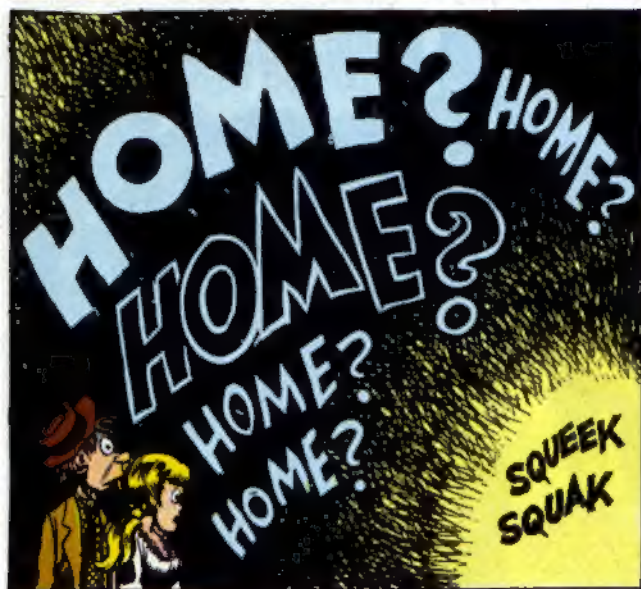


BUT... WE DO NEED THAT  
GASOLINE BUCKET, EH, GALUSHA!  
I'LL KNOCK AND SEE IF ANYONE  
IS AT HOME!



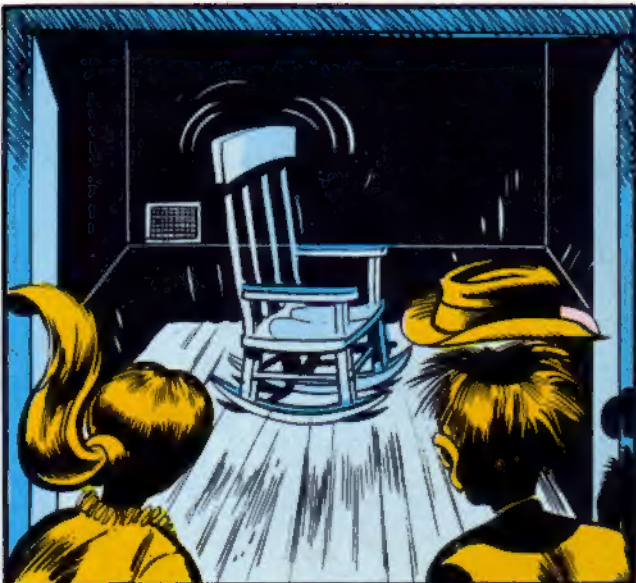
WELL... THE DOOR IS  
OPEN, GALUSHA!  
LET'S GO INSIDE!







ALL RIGHT! WHOEVER  
IS IN THAT ROOM!  
COME ON OUT!  
WE HEAR YOU!



THE ROOM IS EMPTY! JUST A  
ROCKING CHAIR! THE ONLY EXIT  
OUT OF HERE IS THIS DOOR AND  
THAT TINY VENTILATOR, AND  
**NOTHING HUMAN** CAN  
FIT THROUGH THERE!



BUT **SOMEONE... SOMETHING...**  
**WAS ROCKING THAT CHAIR!** THE  
STORIES IN THE VILLAGE SAY HOW  
WHEN MAGOG BOGG WENT MAD,  
HE'D JUST SIT IN THE ROCKING  
CHAIR... AND ROCK AND ROCK!



THAT'S THE WAY HE DIED, THEY SAY!  
JUST ROCKING IN A SQUEEKY ROCK-  
ING CHAIR! AND THEM IN THE VILLAGE  
TELL HOW YOU CAN STILL HEAR THAT  
CHAIR IN THE NIGHT... ROCKING...  
EVER ROCKING... SQUEEK, SQUAWK,  
SQUEEK, SQUAWK!



AND THEM IN THE VILLAGE TELL HOW ON  
STORMY NIGHTS, YOU CAN HEAR THE  
BROTHERS, MAGOG CHASING GOG,  
SCREAMING THROUGH THE HOUSE... WITH  
AN AXE RUNNING THROUGH THE HOUSE,  
**CLUMPITY, CLUMPITY, CLUMP...**



SCREAMING... RUNNING  
DOWN THE STEPS...  
**CLUMPITY CLUMP...**  
COMING THROUGH  
THAT DOOR...





**CLUMPITY  
CLUMP**



**THEY'VE STOPPED! I KNOW THEY'RE  
BEHIND THAT DOOR BUT THEY'VE  
STOPPED! GET UP OFF THE FLOOR,  
GALUSHA, AND PROTECT ME!**



**I'M ALL RIGHT NOW, DAPHNE!  
THE EXCITEMENT OF THE  
MOMENT GOT ME, BUT  
I'M ALL RIGHT NOW!**



**SUDDENLY I FEEL A DEADLY  
CALM SETTLING OVER ME!  
SUDDENLY I KNOW THAT  
NOW MY NERVES ARE STEEL!**



**...NOW I CAN  
TAKE ANYTHIN...**

**EXCUSE  
ME!**



**GET AWAY!  
GET AWAY  
FUM ME!**

**I'LL CALLA  
COPS!**



**I'M SORRY I  
FRIGHTENED YOU!  
I'M MELVIN, THE  
CARETAKER  
HERE!**

**CARETAKER!  
A HAUNTED  
HOUSE WITH  
A CARE-  
TAKER?**

**LISTEN, CARETAKER!  
YOU BETTER  
TAKE BETTER  
CARE OF THIS  
HOUSE! IT'S  
FULL OF  
GHOSTS!**

**GHOSTS?  
A BIG BOY  
LIKE YOU  
BELIEVES IN  
GHOSTS?  
RUBBISH! THERE  
ARE NO GHOSTS!**

**WE HEARD  
THEM! BEHIND  
THAT DOOR!  
OPEN IT UP!  
YOU'LL SEE  
FOR YOURSELF!**





I'VE NEVER HEARD ANYTHING SO ABSURD IN MY LIFE! TSK TSK! VERY WELL! I'LL OPEN THE DOOR!

**SQUEEEEEEE**

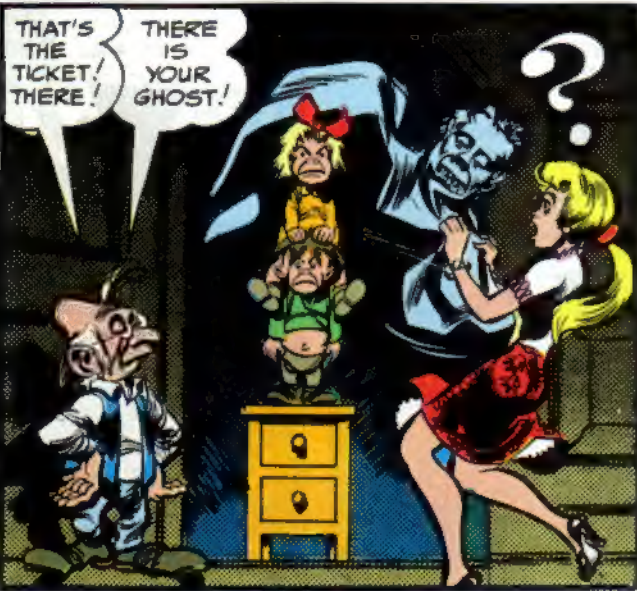


RUBBISH! THIS IS NO GHOST! THERE **ARE** NO GHOSTS! WILL YOU TAKE HOLD OF THAT ROBE, YOUNG LADY, AND YANK IT AWAY?



THAT'S THE TICKET! THERE!

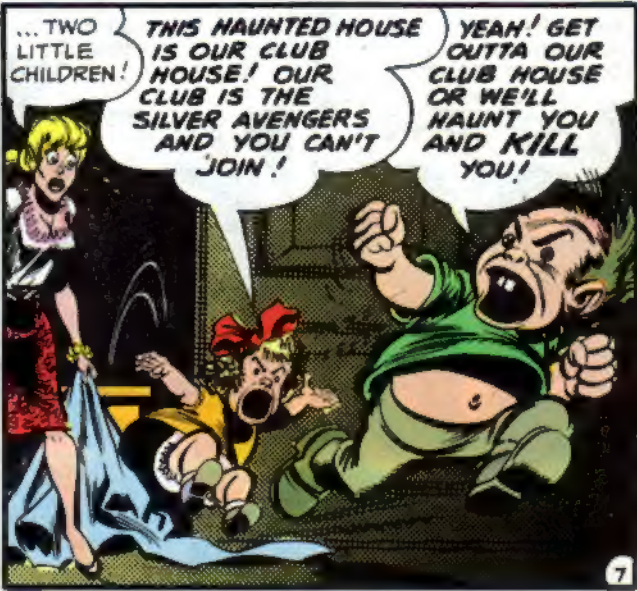
THERE IS YOUR GHOST!



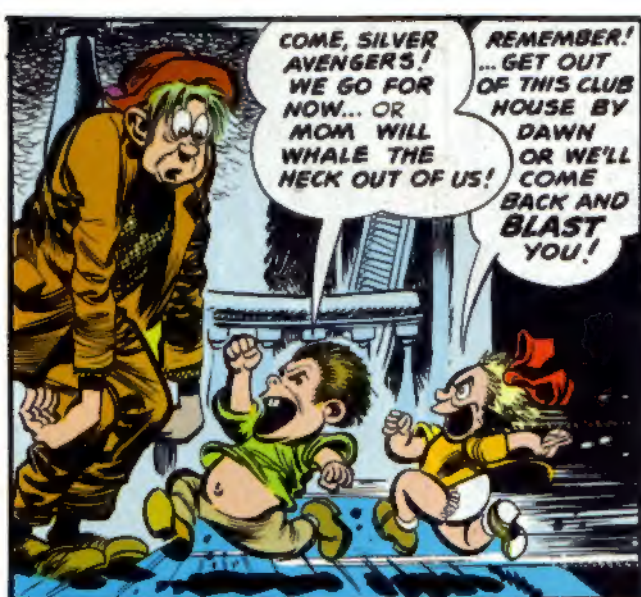
...TWO LITTLE CHILDREN!

THIS HAUNTED HOUSE IS OUR CLUB HOUSE! OUR CLUB IS THE SILVER AVENGERS AND YOU CAN'T JOIN!

YEAH! GET OUTTA OUR CLUB HOUSE OR WE'LL HAUNT YOU AND KILL YOU!

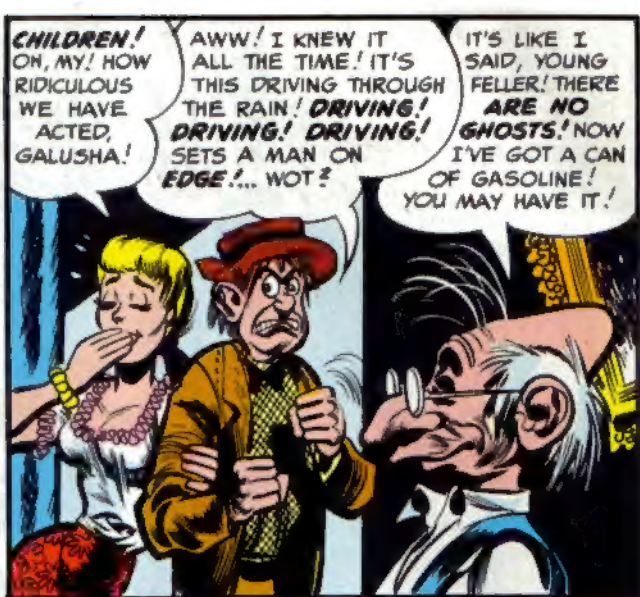






COME, SILVER AVENGERS! WE GO FOR NOW... OR MOM WILL WHALE THE HECK OUT OF US!

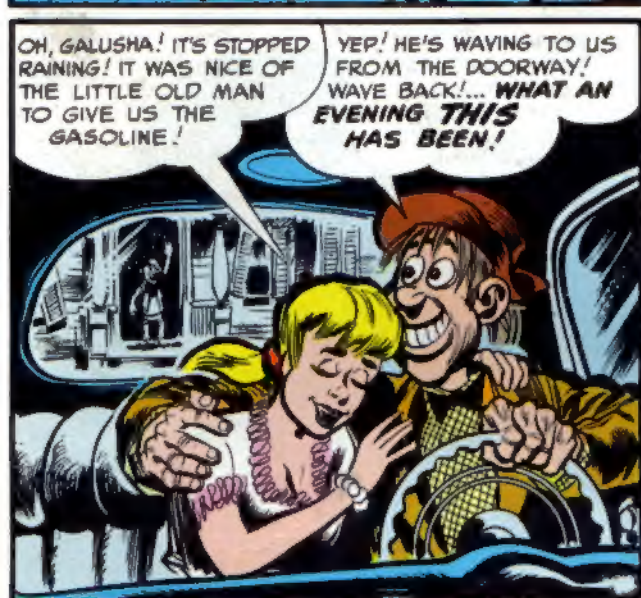
REMEMBER! ...GET OUT OF THIS CLUB HOUSE BY DAWN OR WE'LL COME BACK AND BLAST YOU!



CHILDREN! OH, MY! HOW RIDICULOUS WE HAVE ACTED, GALUSHA!

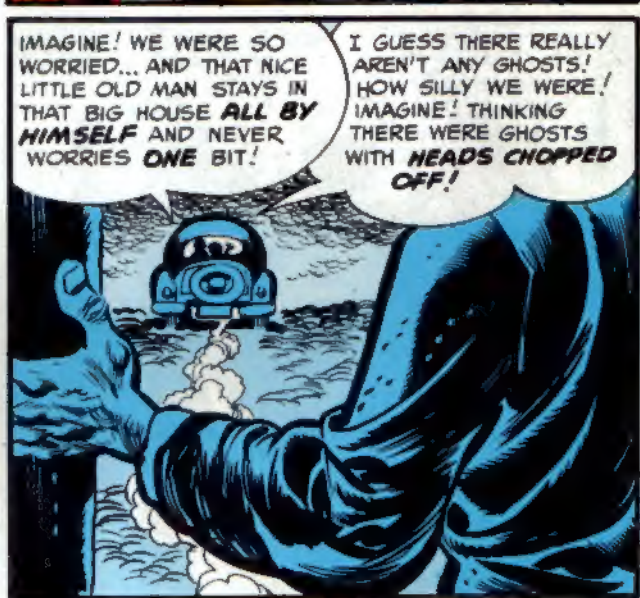
AWW! I KNEW IT ALL THE TIME! IT'S THIS DRIVING THROUGH THE RAIN! **DRIVING! DRIVING! DRIVING!** SETS A MAN ON EDGE!... WOT?

IT'S LIKE I SAID, YOUNG FELLER! THERE ARE NO GHOSTS! NOW I'VE GOT A CAN OF GASOLINE! YOU MAY HAVE IT!



OH, GALUSHA! IT'S STOPPED RAINING! IT WAS NICE OF THE LITTLE OLD MAN TO GIVE US THE GASOLINE!

YEP! HE'S WAVING TO US FROM THE DOORWAY! WAYE BACK!... **WHAT AN EVENING THIS HAS BEEN!**



IMAGINE! WE WERE SO WORRIED... AND THAT NICE LITTLE OLD MAN STAYS IN THAT BIG HOUSE **ALL BY HIMSELF** AND NEVER WORRIES **ONE BIT!**

I GUESS THERE REALLY AREN'T ANY GHOSTS! HOW SILLY WE WERE! IMAGINE! THINKING THERE WERE GHOSTS WITH **HEADS CHOPPED OFF!**



HEH, HEH! THERE THEY GO! SWERVING MADLY DOWN THE ROAD!



GOOD-BYE, YOUNGSTERS! GOOD-BYE! AND REMEMBER...



...REMEMBER... THERE AREN'T ANY GHOSTS! HEH! HEH!

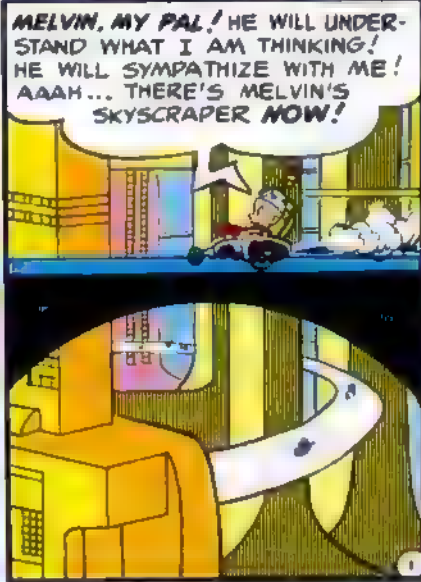
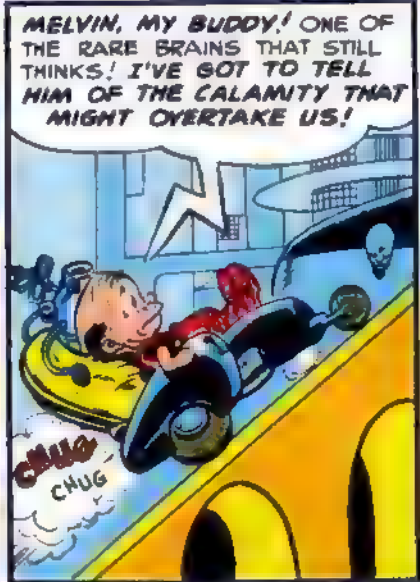
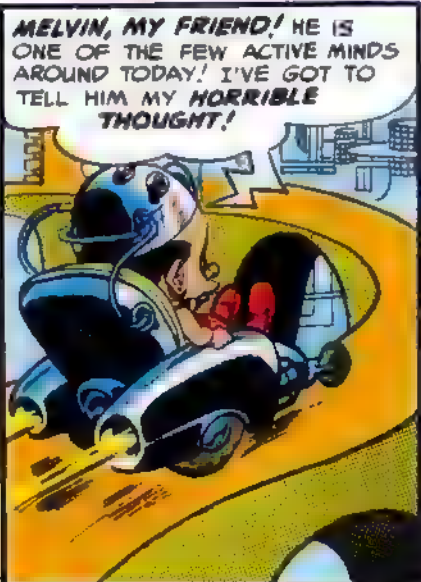
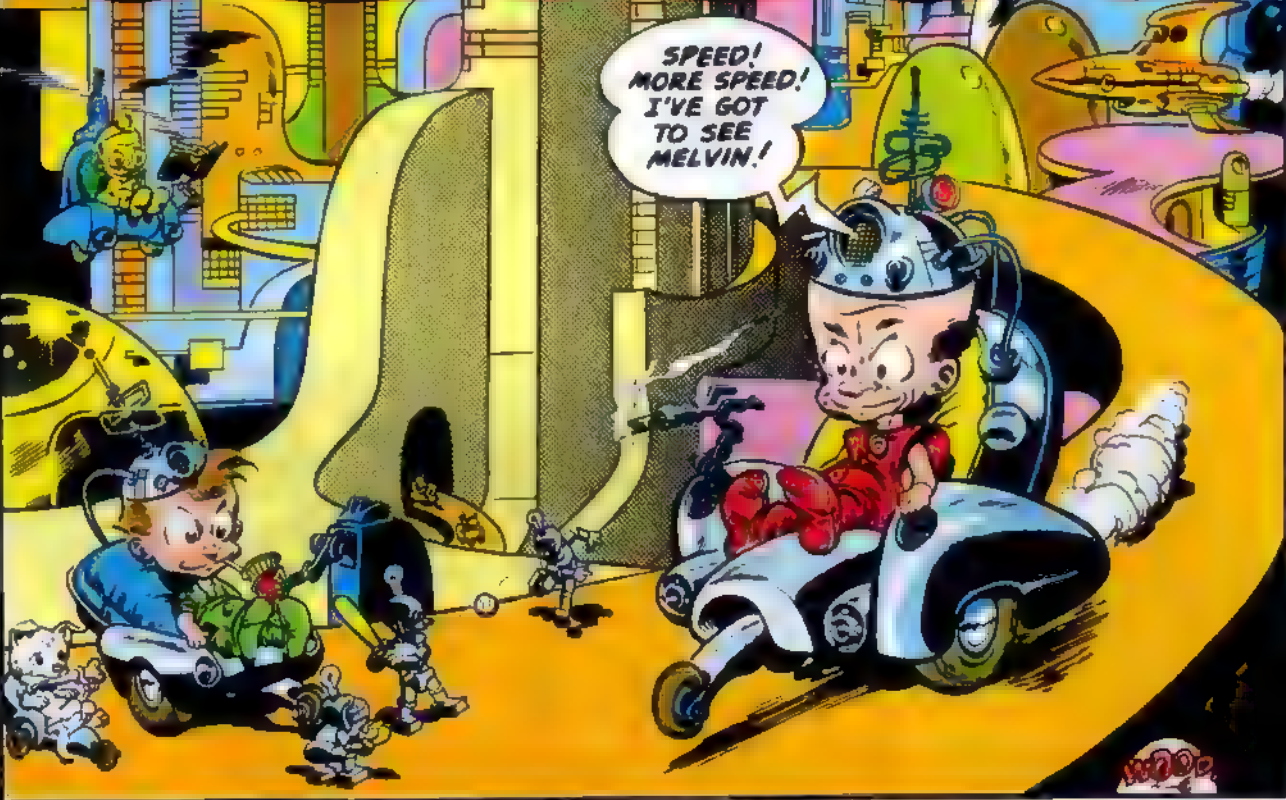


...AREN'T ANY GHOSTS AT ALL!



SCIENCE-FICTION DEPT. / GO FORWARD! GO FORWARD! GO FORWARD INTO SPACE, FORWARD INTO TIME! GO FORWARD... 1952! 1962! 1982! GO! GO TO 1,000,000 A.D.! THAT'S FAR ENOUGH! BACK UP A LITTLE! LOOK! THE EARTH! A MASS OF STEELY CITIES AND MEN! MEN? NO! NOT REALLY MEN! MORE LIKE ...

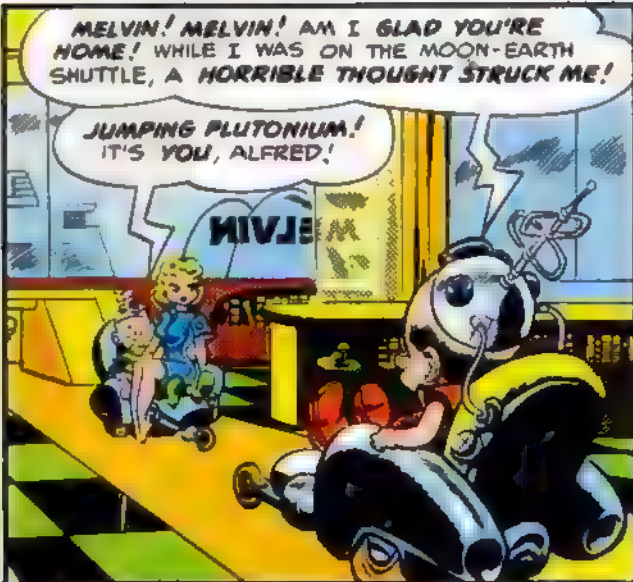
# BLOBS!





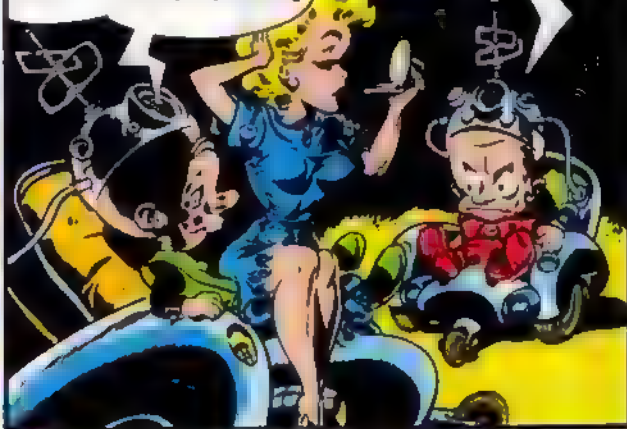
MELVIN! MELVIN! AM I GLAD YOU'RE HOME! WHILE I WAS ON THE MOON-EARTH SHUTTLE, A HORRIBLE THOUGHT STRUCK ME!

JUMPING PLUTONIUM!  
IT'S YOU, ALFRED!



LISTEN TO ME, MELVIN! THIS IS IMPORTANT! GET RID OF THAT DISPOSABLE PREFABRICATED ROBOT WOMAN! I'LL BUY YOU ANOTHER ONE LATER! LISTEN TO ME!

GALLOPING GALAXIES!  
CAN'T IT WAIT, ALFRED?



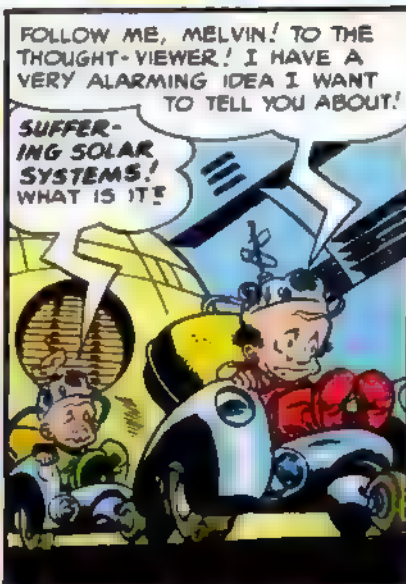
MELVIN! YOU'RE GETTING LIKE ALL THE REST! LIKE A KID WITH A TOY! ALL PLEASURE! NO GOOD HARD THINKING!

AWWW...  
MOLECULES!

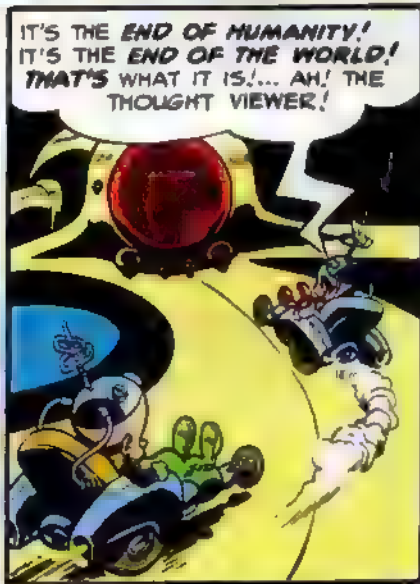


FOLLOW ME, MELVIN! TO THE THOUGHT-VIEWER! I HAVE A VERY ALARMING IDEA I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT!

SUFFER-  
ING SOLAR  
SYSTEMS!  
WHAT IS IT?

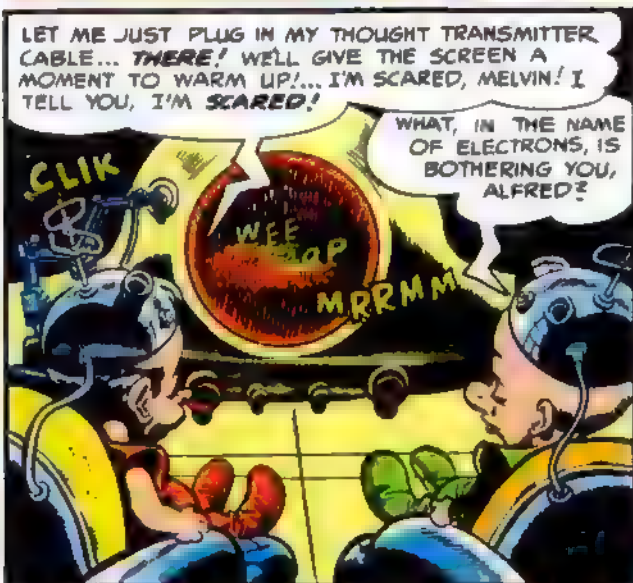


IT'S THE END OF HUMANITY!  
IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD!  
THAT'S WHAT IT IS!... AH! THE THOUGHT VIEWER!

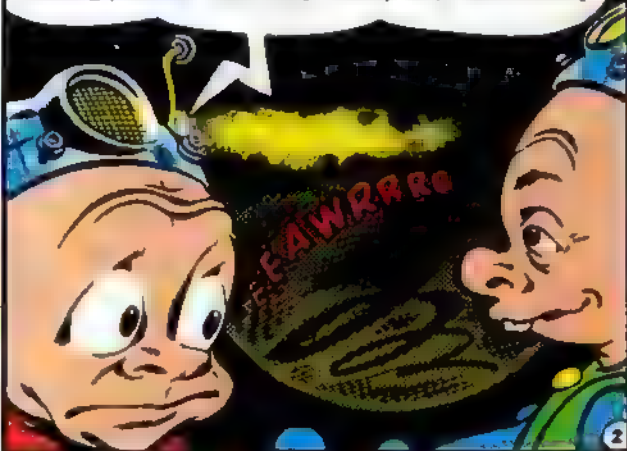


LET ME JUST PLUG IN MY THOUGHT TRANSMITTER CABLE... THERE! WE'LL GIVE THE SCREEN A MOMENT TO WARM UP!... I'M SCARED, MELVIN! I TELL YOU, I'M SCARED!

WHAT, IN THE NAME  
OF ELECTRONS, IS  
BOtherING YOU,  
ALFRED?



IT'S THIS MACHINERY! ALL THIS MACHINERY! EVERYWHERE... EVERYTHING IS MACHINERY! IT'S WRONG! AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY! MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO, LIFE WAS COMPARATIVELY SIMPLE! TAKE THE CAVE-MAN, FOR INSTANCE!





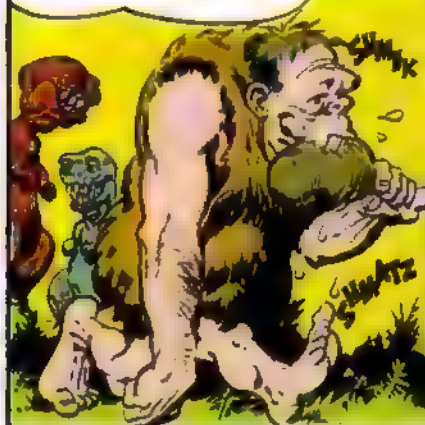
FROM WHAT I READ IN OUR HISTORY BOOKS, THE FIRST PRIMITIVE CAVE MAN WAS MUCH LIKE A WALKING APE!



HIS LIFE WAS VERY UNCOMPLICATED! HE NEVER **RODE** ANYWHERE, AS WE DO TODAY! HE HAD TO **WALK**... POOR CREATURE... ON HIS FEET!



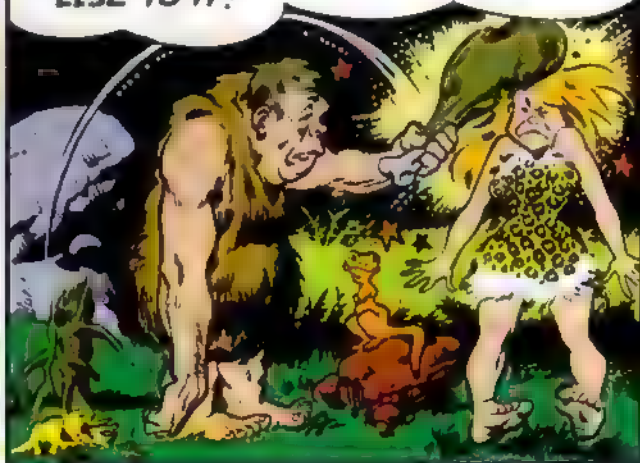
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY, BUT THE WRETCHED THING NEVER HAD **VITAMIN PILLS**, OR... OR **DEHYDRATED MEALS**! JUST **RAW FRUITS, BERRIES, AND SOMETIMES, MEAT**!



HIS SOCIAL LIFE WAS EQUALLY SIMPLE! AS I UNDERSTAND IT, IF HE SAW A FEMALE HE MIGHT DESIRE FOR A MATE, THERE WAS NO TAKING HER OUT TO A MOVIE OR SOME-SUCH!



HE SIMPLY WOULD **BASH** THE FEMALE ON THE HEAD WITH HIS FIST, OR SOME CONVENIENT BLUNT INSTRUMENT, AND **THAT** WOULD BE **THAT**! THERE WOULDN'T BE ANYTHING ELSE TO IT!



HE WOULD THEN DRAG THE FEMALE OFF TO HIS CAVE, AND THERE SHE WOULD REMAIN AS HIS WIFE! **SIMPLE! EFFECTIVE! AMERICAN!**... BUT EVEN THEN, THE **SICKNESS** WAS SETTING IN!



**THAT BLUNT INSTRUMENT.. THAT TOOL!... THAT WAS MAN'S MISTAKE!** FOR **THAT TOOL**, WAS THE **FIRST IN A HISTORY OF TOOLS** THAT MAN WOULD FASHION TO DO HIS WORK FOR HIM!



LEAPIN' ROCKETS!

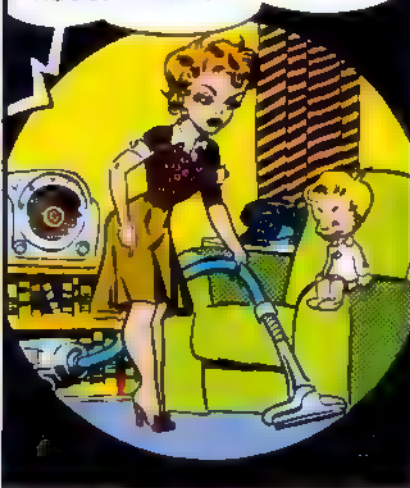


SO WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE, ALFRED?

PATIENCE, MELVIN! NOW LET US JUMP FORWARD...



... FORWARD TO THE ANCIENT YEAR OF 1952! HISTORY BOOKS TELL US OF THE TYPICAL CIVILIZED HOUSE-WIFE!



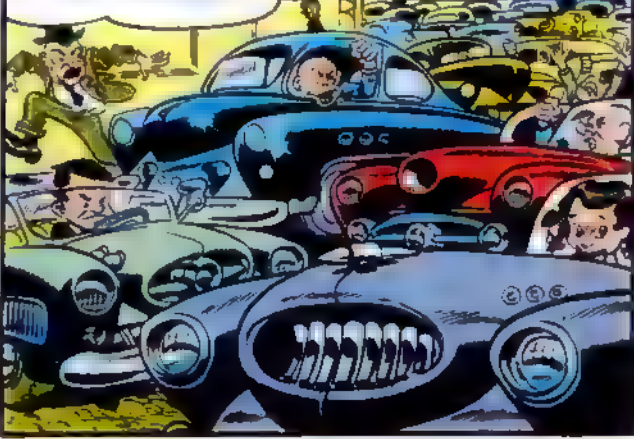
BY THEN, MACHINES WERE JUST BEGINNING TO SURROUND HUMANITY! PUSH BUTTON ELECTRIC LIGHTS! ELECTRIC TIME CLOCKS! VACUUM CLEANERS! AIR-CONDITIONING!



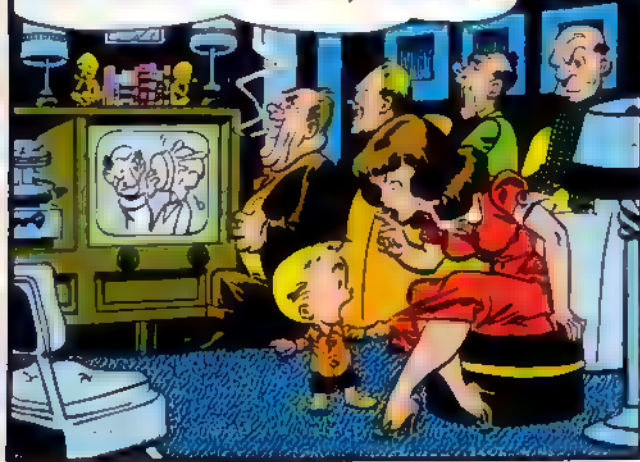
AND IN THE KITCHEN, MACHINES MUSHROOMED LIKE FUNGUS GROWTHS! AUTOMATIC MIXING MACHINES! JUICING MACHINES! WASHING MACHINES! TOASTING, BAKING, FRYING MACHINES! DRYING MACHINES! DON'T YOU SEE WHAT WAS HAPPENING, MELVIN?



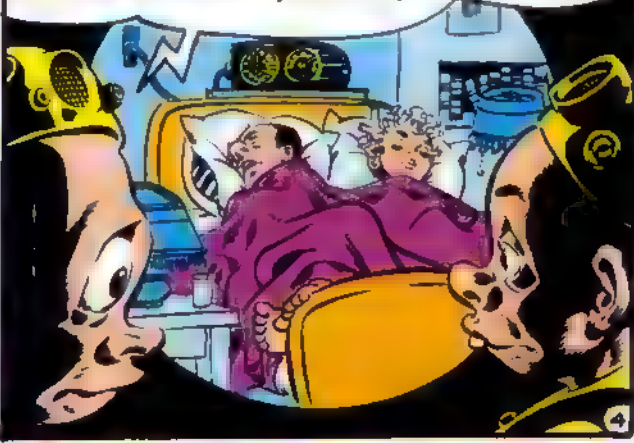
OUT IN THE STREET, MEN WERE BEGINNING TO RIDE AND NOT WALK! AUTOMOBILES, THEY CALLED 'EM! THEY HAD SO MANY AUTOMOBILES, THEY HAD NO PLACE TO PARK THEM! FRIENDS WOULD DRIVE OVER TO OTHER FRIENDS' HOUSES IN AUTOMOBILES...



THEY WOULD GO TO FRIENDS' HOUSES, AND INSTEAD OF TALKING TO THE FRIENDS, THEY WOULD LOOK AT TELEVISION MACHINES FOR A FEW HOURS, AND THEN THEY WOULD RIDE HOME! NOW DOES THAT MAKE SENSE, MELVIN?



WHEN THEY GOT HOME, THEY WOULD REGULATE THE TEMPERATURE OF THE HOUSE WITH A THERMOSTAT, THEN MAYBE GO TO BED COVERED BY AN ELECTRIC BLANKET, AND FALL ASLEEP LISTENING TO A RADIO CLOCK THAT SHUT ITSELF OFF AND ON! SEE IT, MELVIN?





**DON'T YOU SEE WHAT WAS HAPPENING?**

**FRIZZELING PHOTONS!**

**BEEFOORT**

**THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS IN THE CRUDE DAYS OF 1952! BY 2000 A.D., WORKING MAN'S OFFICE WAS A MASS OF BUTTONS AND SWITCHES!**

**BY 20,000 A.D., IT WAS NO LONGER NECESSARY FOR A MAN TO LEAVE HIS SEAT ONCE HE SAT DOWN TO WORK!**

**AND BY 100,000 A.D., WOMEN WERE PERMANENTLY FIXED IN A COMBINATION MACHINE THAT WAS KITCHEN, LIVING ROOM, BED ROOM, BATH, ENTERTAINMENT, ETC, ETC, ETC! FINALLY, WE COME TO TODAY!**

**1,000,000 A.D.! EVERYTHING... EVERYTHING IS TAKEN CARE OF BY MACHINES! WE REST ON A CUSHIONED, MOTOR-POWERED COUCH, WHILE MACHINES TAKE CARE OF OUR EVERY NEED! WE NEVER HAVE TO MOVE TO SATISFY ANY DESIRE!**

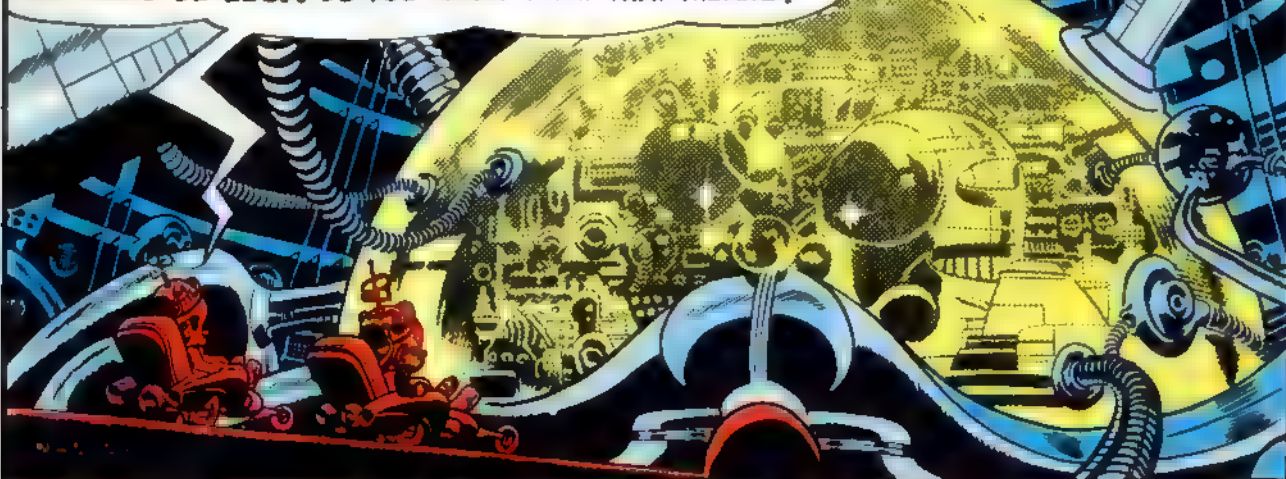
**WE HAVE MACHINES TO FEED US, MACHINES TO CLOTHE US, MACHINES TO AMUSE US, MACHINES TO COMFORT US! MACHINES TO CARRY US! MACHINES TO MARRY US! WE HAVE MACHINES TO TAKE CARE OF ANY POSSIBLE PROBLEM!**

**AND LOOK AT US! THROUGH YEARS OF DIS-USE, OUR MUSCLES HAVE SHRUNK, OUR BODIES HAVE WITHERED! WE'RE JUST A BUNDLE OF NERVES! WE ARE BLOBS, I TELL YOU! BLOBS OF FLESH!**

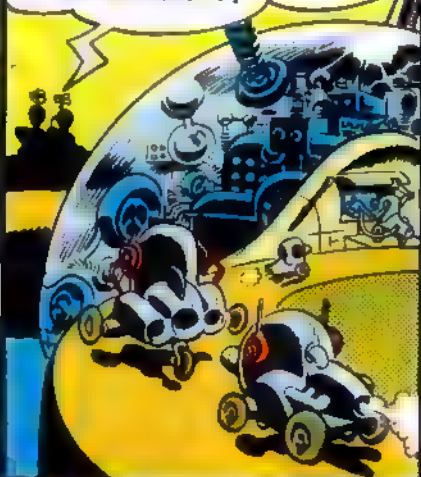
**JUMPING PLANETOIDS! TAKE IT EASY, ALFRED! YOUR RIGHT PINKY IS QUIVERING! YOU REALLY ARE EXCITED!**



AND THE HEART OF OUR WHOLE CIVILIZATION IS THAT MASTER MONSTER MACHINE THAT HOLDS THE COMPLEX MECHANISM THAT CONTROLS OUR WHOLE EXISTENCE! THE MACHINE WITHOUT WHICH WE WOULD BE LOST! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?



WE HAVE EVEN DEVELOPED A MACHINE TO TAKE CARE OF THE MACHINE...TO FEED IT, TO REPAIR IT!



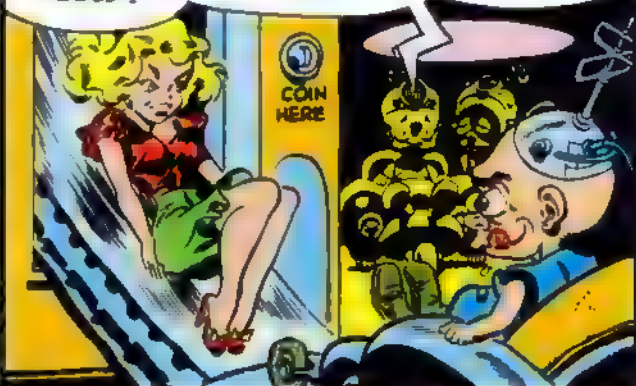
AND WITHOUT THE MACHINE, WE ARE COMPLETELY HELPLESS! SEE OVER THERE! HE ONLY HAS TO THINK OF AN ICE CREAM SODA! THE MACHINE GIVE IT TO HIM!



LOOK! LOOK OVER THERE! THAT FELLOW WANTS HIS BACK SCRATCHED! HE SENDS A THOUGHT COMMAND INTO THE MACHINE... IT SCRATCHES HIS BACK!



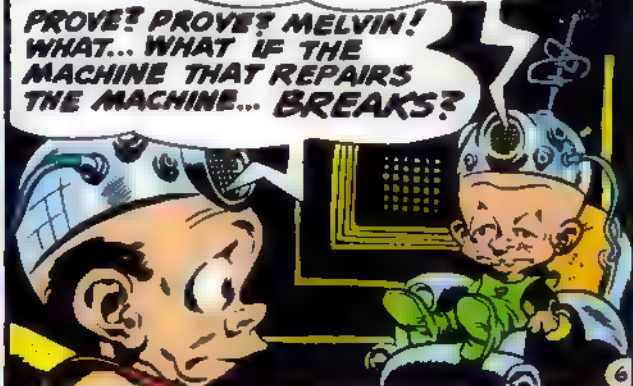
OVER THERE! THAT ONE WANTS ONE OF THOSE DISPOSABLE PREFABRICATED ROBOT WOMEN... ANCIENT 1952 HOLLYWOOD STYLE! HE PUTS A COIN INTO THE MACHINE AND GETS A ROBOT WOMAN! HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW LESS AND LESS MEN ARE GETTING MARRIED, AND MORE AND MORE OF THESE ROBOT WOMEN ARE BEING SOLD?



OUR CIVILIZATION IS GOING TO POT! WE LIE AROUND FROM DAY TO DAY SEEKING PLEASURE! DOING NOTHING! GETTING MORE AND MORE HELPLESS WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT!

SO... ALFRED! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE?

PROVE? PROVE? MELVIN! WHAT... WHAT IF THE MACHINE THAT REPAIRS THE MACHINE... BREAKS?





BREAKS? DON'T BE  
ABSURD, ALFRED! IT  
CAN NEVER BREAK!

L...LISTEN!

QUEEK

QUEEK  
POKKITA  
QUEEK

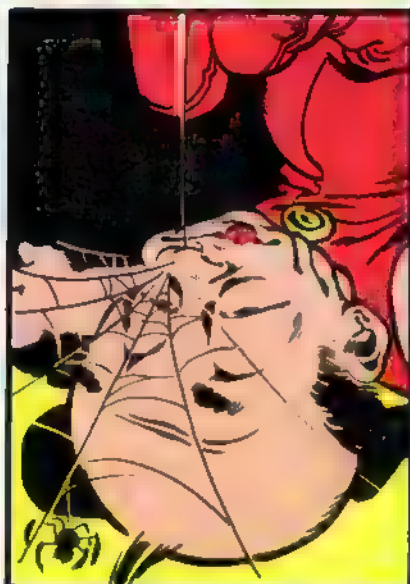
POKKITA  
QUEEK  
POKKITA  
QUEEK

MMRRM  
MROOM

KOBONG!  
KABANG!  
KAPHUD

BDOOM

LEAPING  
URANIUM...  
EEEEEOOP  
SQUONK!  
FZZT...



YES, DEAR READER! THE  
MACHINE DID BREAK!





# CROW VADIS?

**Tiberius O'Leary—**

**Roman Counterspy!**

**Rome 106 B.C.**

Senator Gaius Tobey assigned his best secret operative, Tiberius O'Leary, to crack down on gamblers who were fixing the spear-point spreads in the gladiator matches. The Romans had been shocked by the recent bribing of schoolboy athletes in the Colosseum!

Tiberius, working incognito, put on a zoot-toga and headed for a little poolroom just off the main drag, the Appian Way!

Inside the emporium, Marcus Sumatra, a dixieland lyre-player, crooned a tender refrain, "The Cry of the Wild Helvetian"! Tiberius quickly joined in a game of Roman Parchisi.

Amid cries of "You're faded, Brutus," "VII come XI," and "Baby needs a new pair of sandals," Tiberius raked in the chips! Suddenly, one of the heavy losers rapped Tiberius with a roll of denarii clenched in a closed fist. When Tiberius came to, the joint was raided by Chief Lucius Patton and the Forum Police, who put the braccia on one and all!

Tiberius was thrown into solus confinement for 24 years and 8 months, despairing of ever fulfilling his secret mission. At this time, all men in Rome, between the ages of 18 and 25, received:

"Greetings from the Emperor! You are hereby ordered to report to local draft board MCXXV for a pre-induction physical!"

The Romans put Tiberius on their

shoulders and marched with him to the Grand Central Forum. They sang rousing choruses of "When Graccus Comes Marching Home Again," "The Chariot-Wheel of Fortune," "Bell Bottom Togas," "This is the Pedites, Mr. Tiberius," and "I'm a Roman Doodle Dandy"!!

At the draft board, Tiberius was immediately classified 1-A and sent to Fort Dixiebus for basic training.

At the fort, he was given a glass of milk; some gefueelte fish, and then an R.I. (Roman Issue) haircut. Now he was ready to relieve a Vestal Virgin for active duty!

He entered the Chemical Corps at the out-break of the Second Punic War. He was assigned to a place called Oak Ridge to carry on his explosive experiments.

Then the Romans invaded the White Cliffs of Dover! They discovered that the white cliffs were made of chalk, so they brought home a galley-full! The Roman Board of Education was elated! Roman students could write on their slates at last!

But the triumph of progress was short-lived! The kids were ruining their togas with chalk-dust. Tailors and cleaners were living off the fad of the land!!

Tiberius retired to his lab, and after 32 years of research, came out with an implement to clean slates. It was called . . . "Eradico Scribendi"!

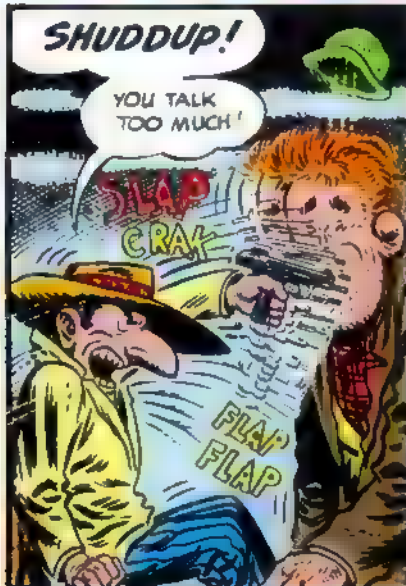
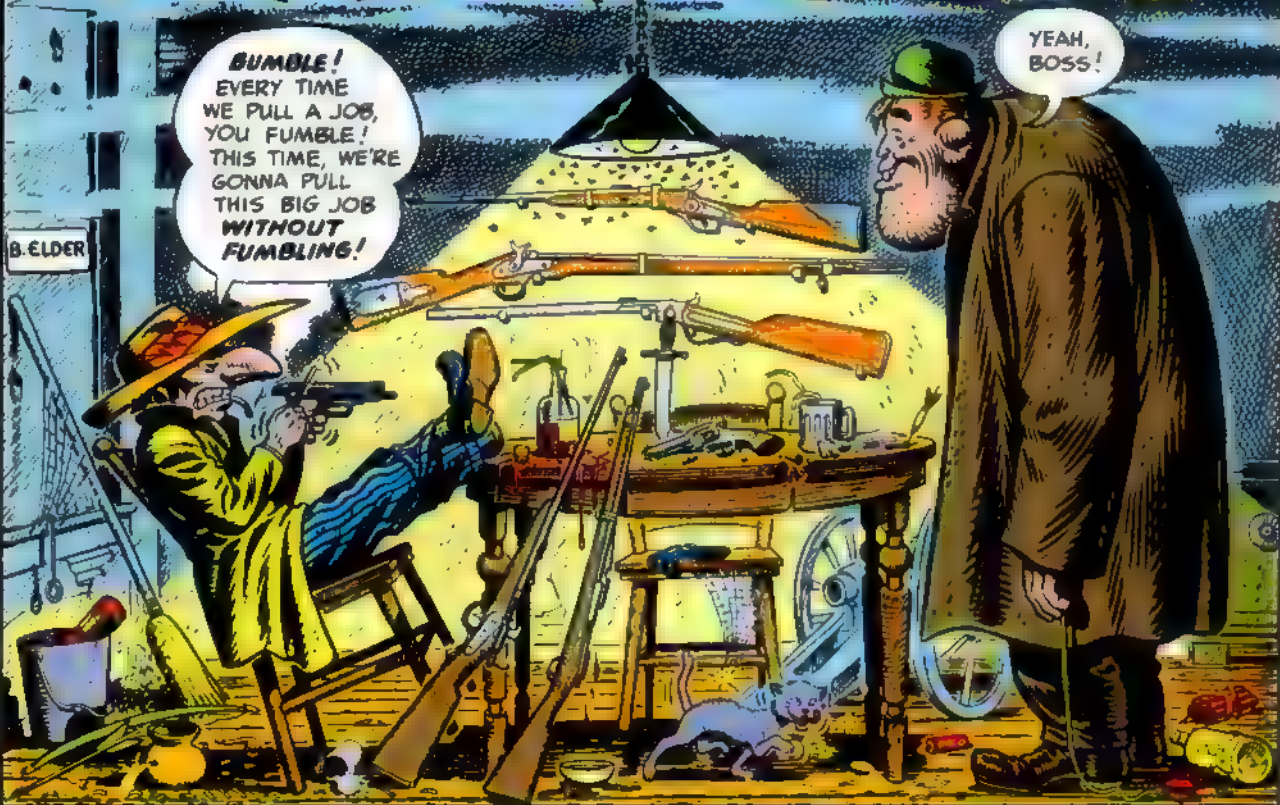
But, as he emerged from his sanctuary with his wonderful discovery, Rome fell!!

And that's how **ERASERS** were born!



**CRIME DEPT.! COME AWAY FROM YOUR FRESH PAINT HOMES ON TREE-LINED STREETS!... AWAY FROM YOUR CLEAN LINEN, YOUR GRADE-A MILK! COME TO THE GARBAGE-CANNED, BROKEN WINDOWED LAND OF THE UNDERWORLD! COME TO THE HOME OF THE GANGSTERS, GORILLAS, AND...**

# GANGNEFS!!





**FOIST**, WE CALLED DE MAYOR AN' TOLD HIM DAT HE GOTTA FORK OVER TEN GRAND OR WE'LL BUMP OFF HIS FAMILY! **DEN**, WE TOLD HIM HOW HE SHOULD LEAVE DE MONEY IN A BROWN PAPER PACKAGE ON TOLD AN' MAIN STREET! **DEN** I'M GONNA WALK OVA WIT DIS FAKE STOMACH TIED ON ME!

SHOULDER HOLSTER DRAW!

**DEN**, I'M GONNA PUT ON DIS COAT WIT' FAKE HANDS HANGIN' BY MY SIDES! **DEN**, I'M GONNA BE ABLE TO USE MY REGULA' HANDS! **DEN**, I'LL BE ABLE TO STICK MY REGULA' HANDS T'RU DIS HERE TRAP-DOOR IN DIS HERE PHONY STOMACH! **DEN** WE GOES TO TOLD AN' MAIN STREET!

POCKET DRAW!

**DEN**, I WALKS OVA TO DIS BROWN PAPER PACKAGE WHICH IS LAYIN' LIKE DAT SAMPLE PAPER PACKAGE IS LAYIN'! **DEN**, WHILE MY FAKE HANDS HANG BY MY SIDES, I REACHES OUT WIT' MY REGULA' HANDS!

UNDER-HAT DRAW!

**DEN**, I PULL DE REAL BROWN PACKAGE INTO MY STOMACH AND IN PLACE OF IT, I PUT A FAKE BROWN PACKAGE! **DEN**, IT LOOKS LIKE I NEVVA TOOK NO PACKAGE! **DEN**, IF DE COPS ARE WATCHIN', DEY DON'T KNOW NUTTIN'S HAPPENED!

PANTS CUFF DRAW!

**DEN** DEY WATCH AN' DEY WATCH... AN DEN DEY GET TIRED AN' TAKE HOME DE FAKE PACKAGE... WHICH DEY TINK IS DE REAL PACKAGE! **DEN** WHEN DEY OPEN IT, INSTEAD OF DEIR MONEY, DEY FIND A **STINK BOMB**!

A STINK BOMB!

WHAT A GAG!

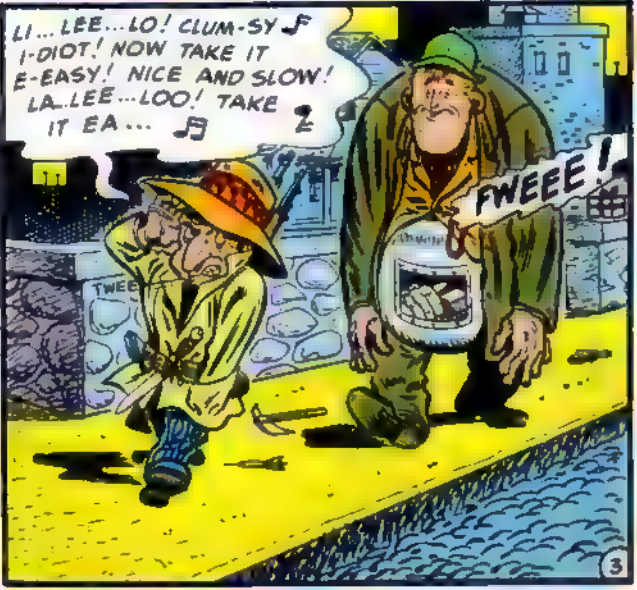
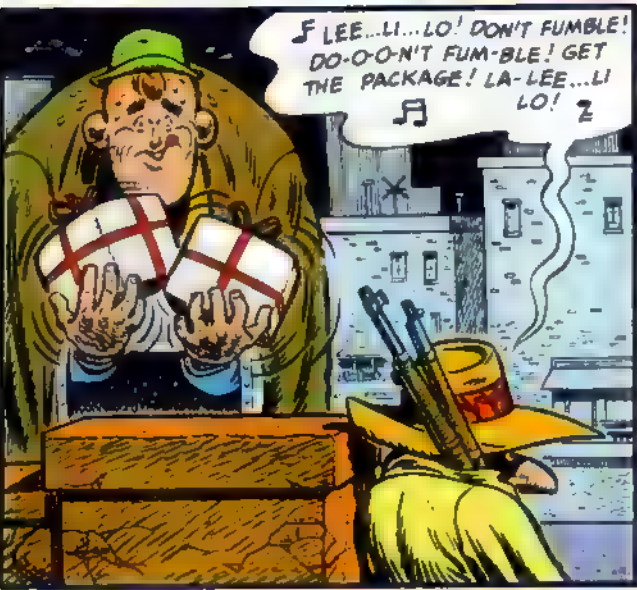
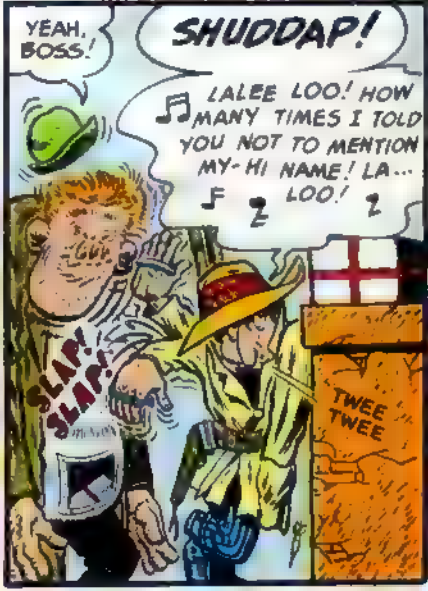
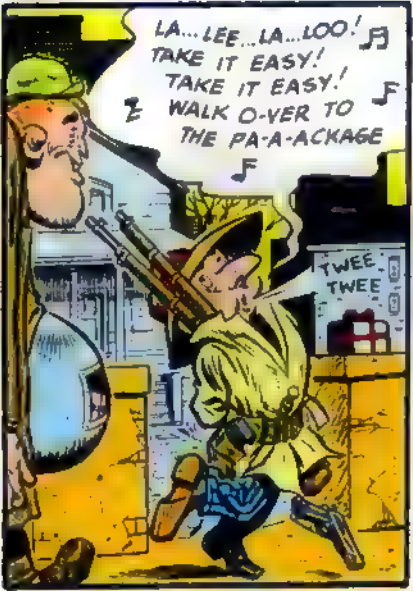
**SHADDAP!** THE TIME HAS COME! SYN-CHRONISE YOUR WATCHES! 8... 7... 6... 5... 4... 3... 2... 1... **HACK!** LET'S GO!



**REMEMBER, BUMBLE, YOU DUMBLE!** NO FUMBLING THIS JOB! NOW WE DON'T WANT TO ATTRACT ATTENTION! **THAT'S IT! WALK NORMAL!** NOW NOBODY NOTICES US SINCE WE LOOK LIKE NORMAL HUMAN BEINGS!



**WE'RE COMING CLOSE! FLATTEN AGAINST THE WALL! THAT'S IT! IF WE'RE FLATTENED UP LIKE THIS... PEOPLE DON'T NOTICE US! THEY THINK WE'RE JUST AN ORDINARY FLAT WALL!... HAH! LOOK! THERE IT IS! THE PACKAGE!**





COPS! THEY'VE SPOTTED US!  
QUICK! INTO THE GETAWAY CAR!  
YA AIN'T GONNA GET ME,  
COPPERS! NOT ME!  
YAHAAHAHA!

YEAH,  
BOSS!

POW!  
FFTTT!

THE FLATFEET ARE FIRIN' ON US!  
STEP ON IT, BUMBLE, AND DON'T  
FUMBLE! COPPERS AIN'T GONNA  
GET ME! NOT ME! YAHAAHAHA!

YEAH, BOSS!

BURP!  
BURP!

THEY'VE SHOT THE ROOF  
OFF! BUT THEY AIN'T  
GONNA GET ME!

YEAH,  
BOSS!

BRAMMMMM!

THEY'VE SHOT THE SIDE  
OFF! BUT THEY AIN'T  
GONNA GET ME!

YEAH,  
BOSS!

BRAMMMMM!

THEY'VE SHOT THE OTHER  
SIDE OFF! BUT THEY  
AIN'T GONNA GET ME!

YEAH, BOSS!

BRRAM BRRAM

THEY'VE SHOT THE  
WHEELS OFF!

I TINK MAYBE  
DEY GONNA  
GET ME!

YEAH,  
BOSS!

BRAMM!

'YEAH, BOSS!' 'YEAH,  
BOSS!' YOU'RE DRIVING  
ME CRAZY WITH  
THAT 'YEAH, BOSS!'

SHUDDAP!

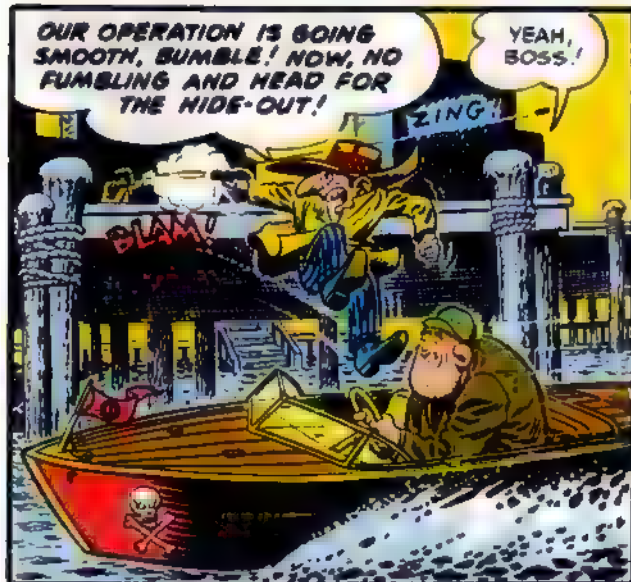
QUICK! INTO  
THE GETAWAY  
BOAT!

YEAH,  
BOSS!

SMAK!  
SMAK!  
WAK!

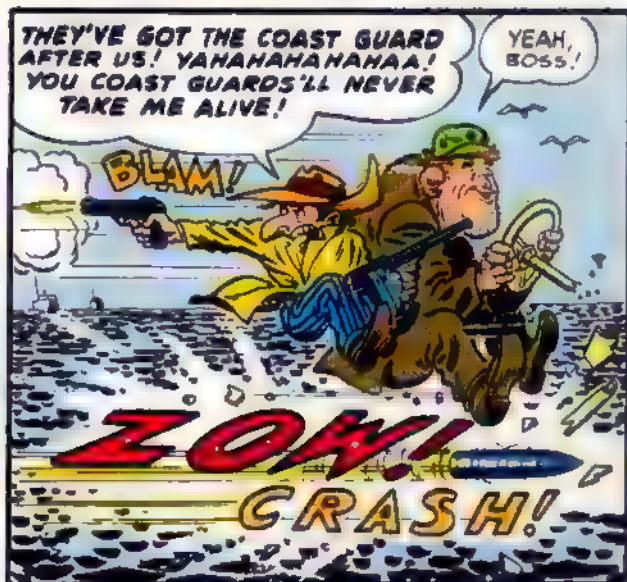
SQUEEE





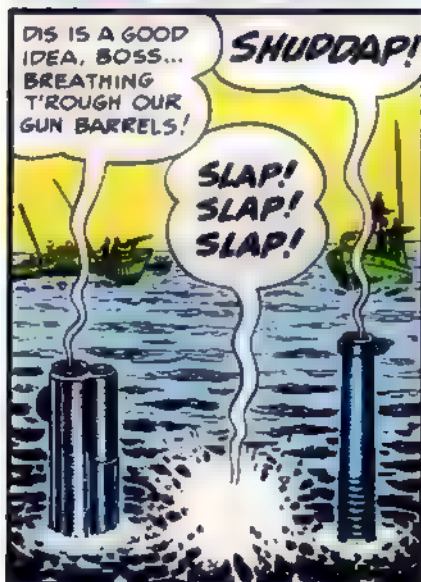
OUR OPERATION IS GOING SMOOTH, BUMBLE! NOW, NO FUMBLING AND HEAD FOR THE HIDE-OUT!

YEAH, BOSS!



THEY'VE GOT THE COAST GUARD AFTER US! YAHAAHAHAHA! YOU COAST GUARDS'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!

YEAH, BOSS!



DIS IS A GOOD IDEA, BOSS... BREATHING T'ROUGH OUR GUN BARRELS!

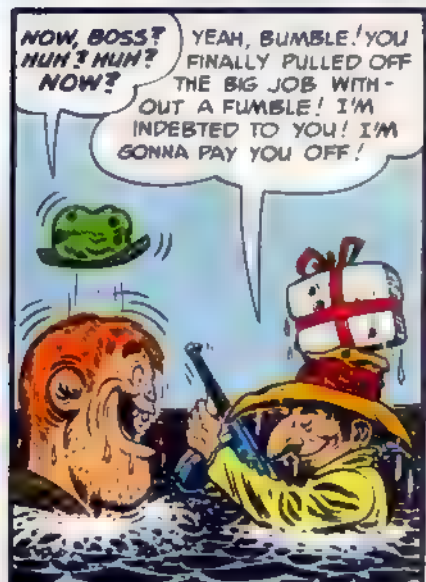
SHUDDAP!

SLAP!  
SLAP!  
SLAP!



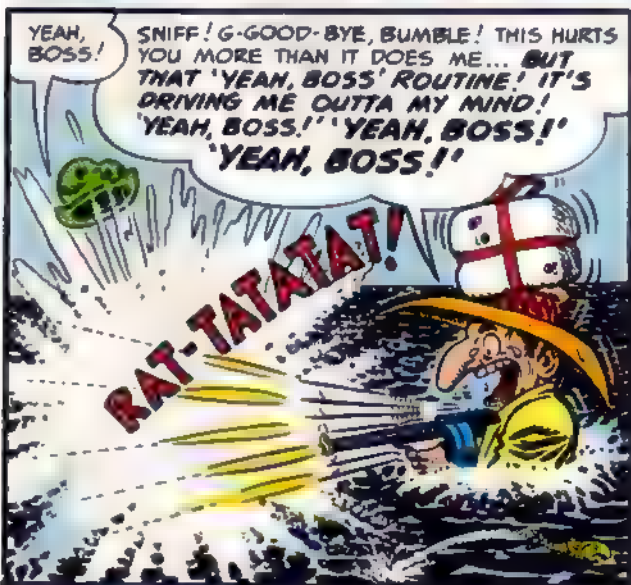
WELL! THEY'VE LOST US! NOW THERE'S JUST YOU AND ME AND THE TEN GRAND! RIGHT, BUMBLE? THERE! LET ME CARRY IT FOR A WHILE!

WE GONNA SPLIT IT UP, BOSS?



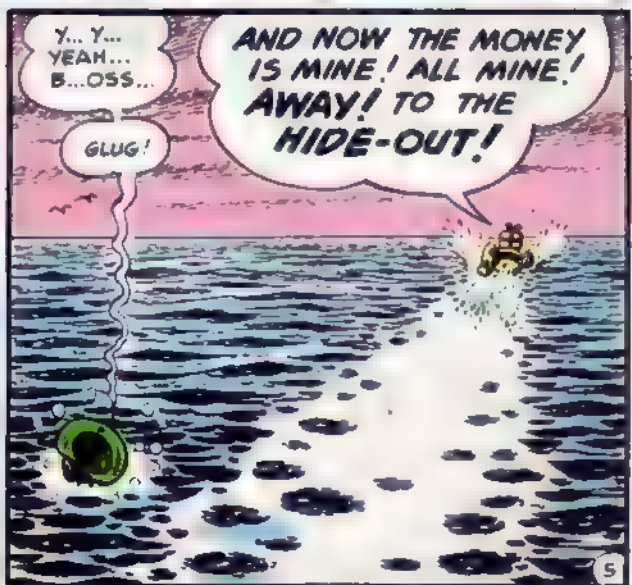
NOW, BOSS? HUH? HUH? NOW?

YEAH, BUMBLE! YOU FINALLY PULLED OFF THE BIG JOB WITHOUT A FUMBLE! I'M INDEBTED TO YOU! I'M GONNA PAY YOU OFF!



YEAH, BOSS!

SNIFF! G-GOOD-BYE, BUMBLE! THIS HURTS YOU MORE THAN IT DOES ME... BUT THAT 'YEAH, BOSS' ROUTINE! IT'S DRIVING ME OUTTA MY MIND! 'YEAH, BOSS!' 'YEAH, BOSS!' 'YEAH, BOSS!' 'RAT-TATATAT!'

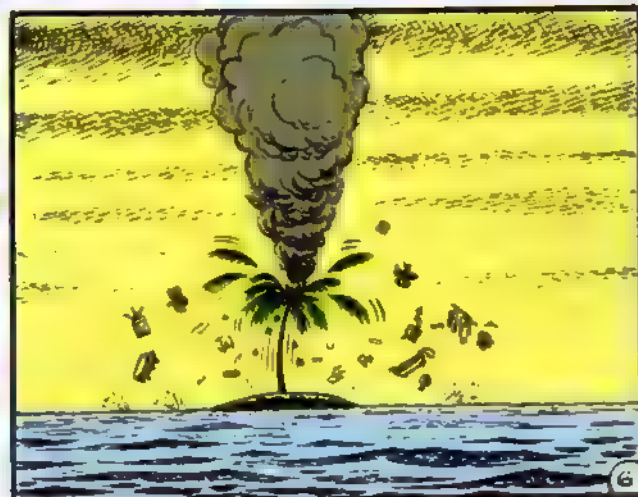
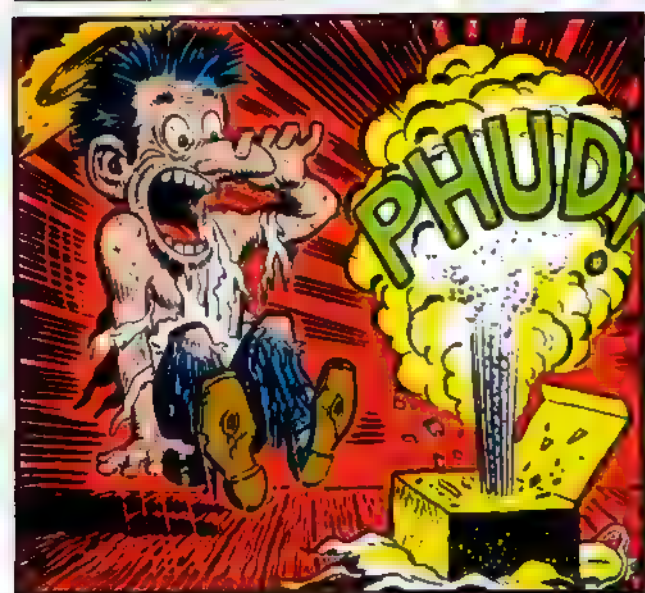
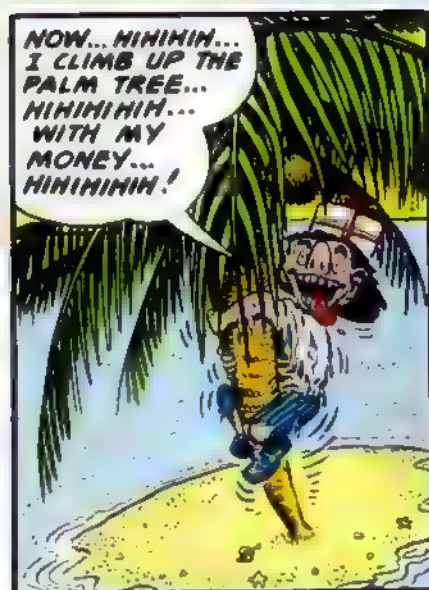
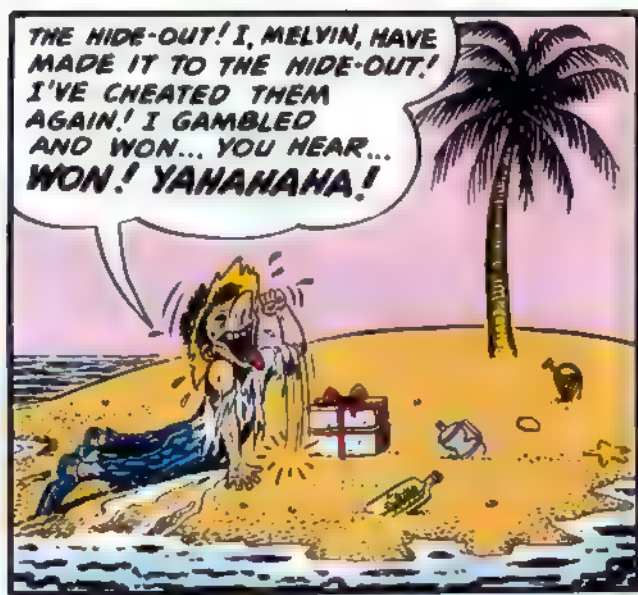
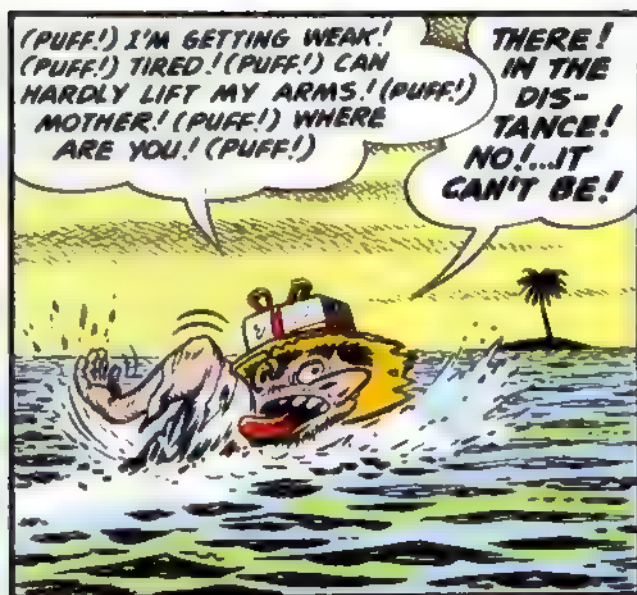


Y... Y... YEAH... B...OSS...

GLUG!

AND NOW THE MONEY IS MINE! ALL MINE! AWAY! TO THE HIDE-OUT!



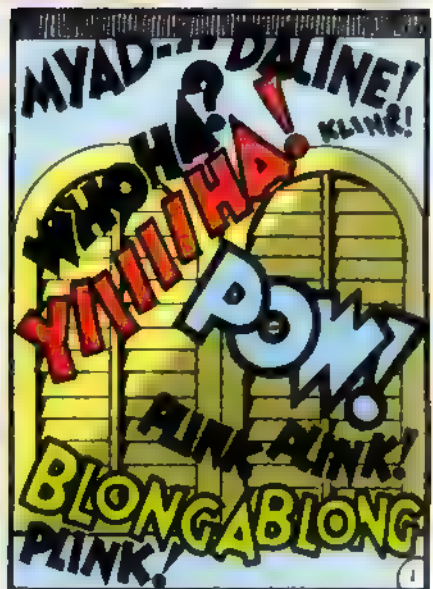


**A FOUL STENCH OF A CELLULOID STINK BOMB  
RISES INTO THE CLEAR OCEAN AIR! FOR, YOU SEE...  
BUMBLE... FUMBLER!**

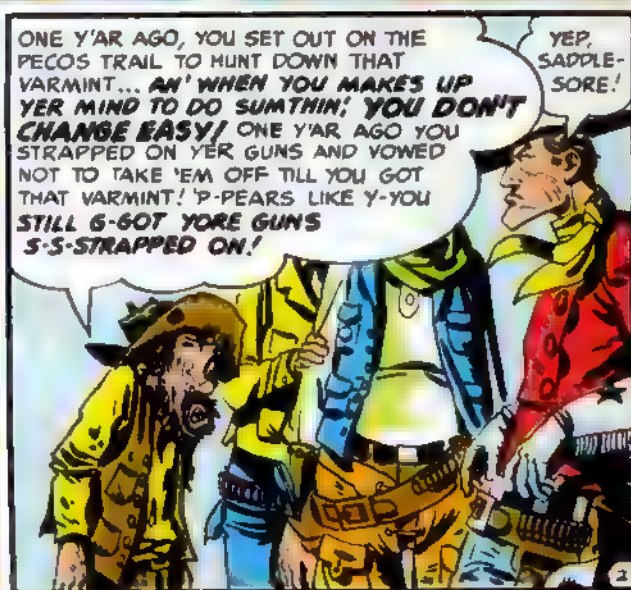
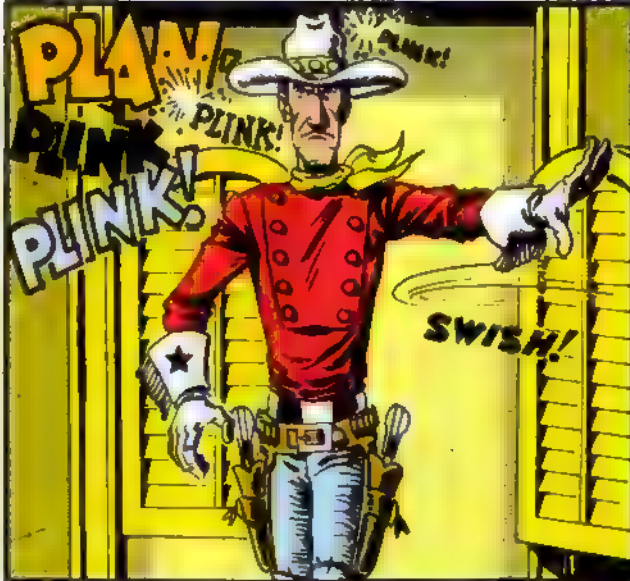


**WESTERN DEPT: GIMME A DRINK, JOE, AN' LET ME TELL YOU A STORY 'BOUT THE ROOTINEST, TOOTINEST, STRAIGHTEST SHOOTINEST COWPOKE EVER TO RIDE THE PECOS TRAIL! YOU SEE...WHEN HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', HE DIDN'T CHANGE EASY...AN' WHAT HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO DO WUZ... TO KILL A...**

# VARMINT!









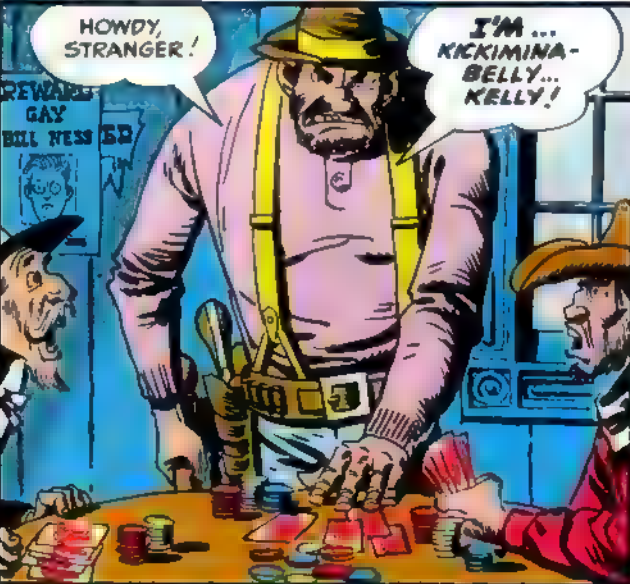
I BEEN RIDIN'... 'CAUSE THE PAST Y'AR SADDLE-SORE! 'CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY! AN' I GOT MUM GUNS STRAPPED ON 'CAUSE WHEN I FIND THE VARMINT THAT SHOT MUH BUDDY, AH'M GONNA GIVE 'IM THE SAME CHANCET HE GAVE MELVIN!



I BEEN RIDIN'... 'CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY! I DUG THE BULLET OUTTA MELVIN! A .48 SLUG WITH A TWISTY SCRATCH! I BEEN RIDIN' CROSS'T THE PECOS TRAIL FOLLOWING THE GUN THAT THAT THERE BULLET CUM F'UM! AN' THE TRAIL BRUNG ME BACK H'AR! H'AR TO YUCCA-PUCCA GULCH!

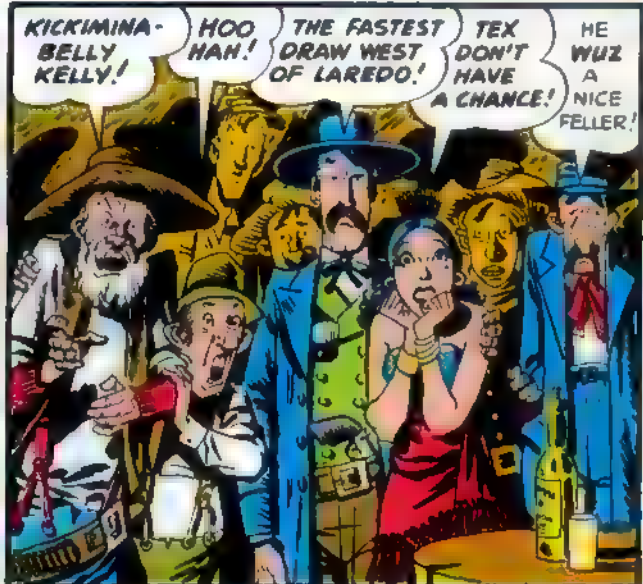


I BEEN RIDIN'... 'CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY! RIDIN' TILL I'M SADDLE-SORE, SADDLE-SORE! I BEEN FOLLOWING A .48 REVOLVER THAT MAKES A TWISTY SCRATCH! I BEEN FOLLOWING IT HERE TO THE MAN WHO OWNS IT! A MAN BY THE NAME OF KICKIMINABELLY KELLY!



HOWDY, STRANGER!

I'M ... KICKIMINA-BELLY... KELLY!



KICKIMINA-BELLY KELLY!

HOO HAN!

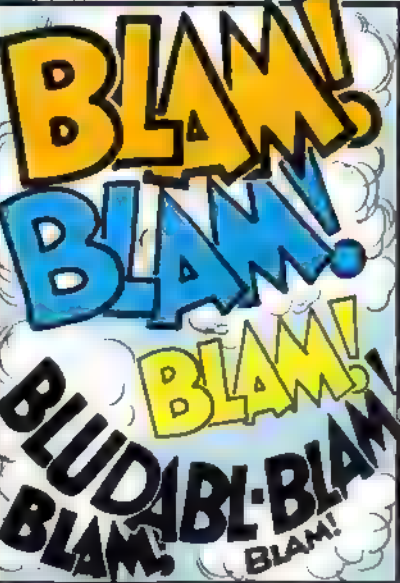
THE FASTEST DRAW WEST OF LAREDO!

TEX DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

HE WUZ A NICE FELLER!



DUST OFF A PLOT ON BOOT-HILL BOYS, 'CAUSE I'M REACHIN' FOR MY GU...



BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

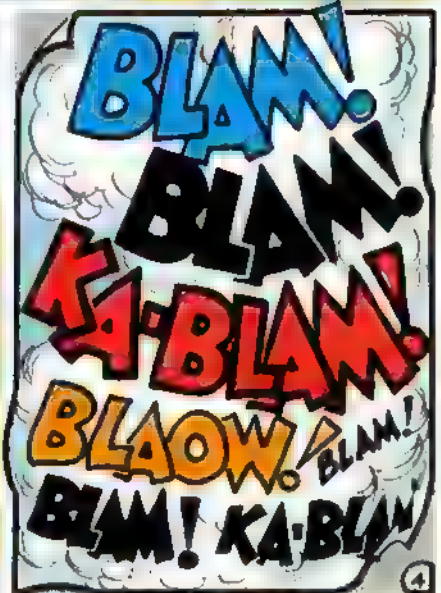
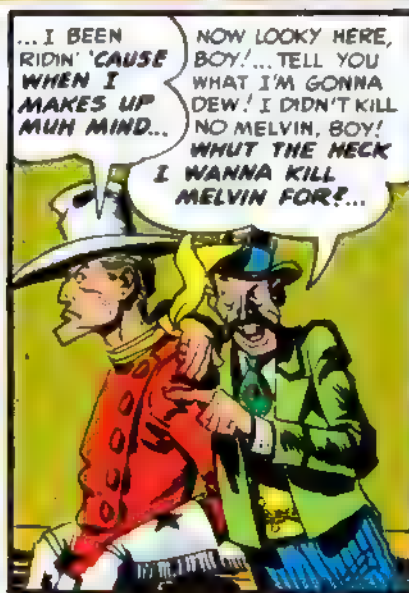
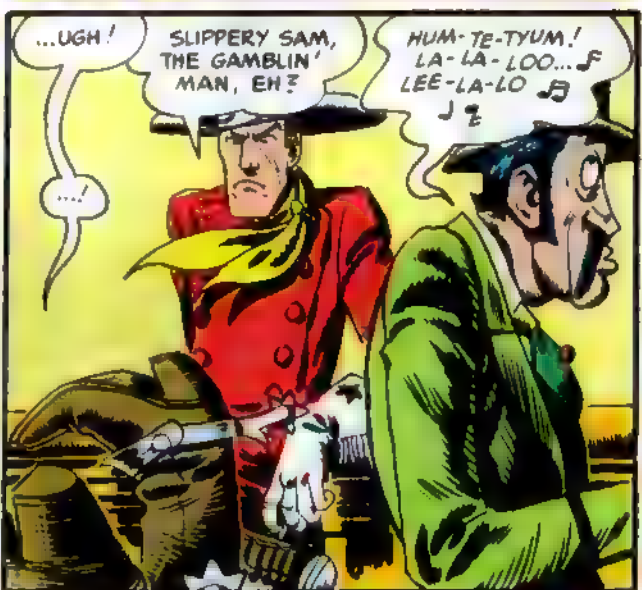
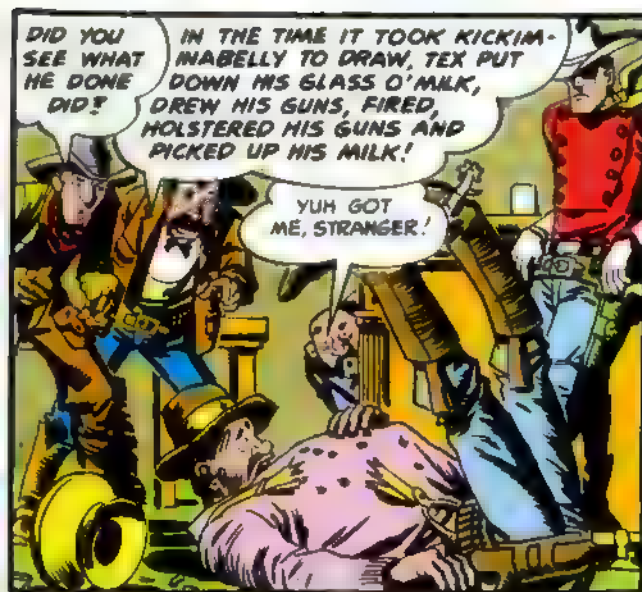
BLUDABL-BLAM!

BLAM!



... N!







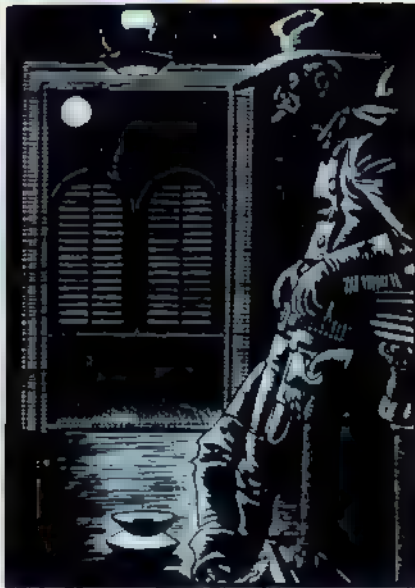
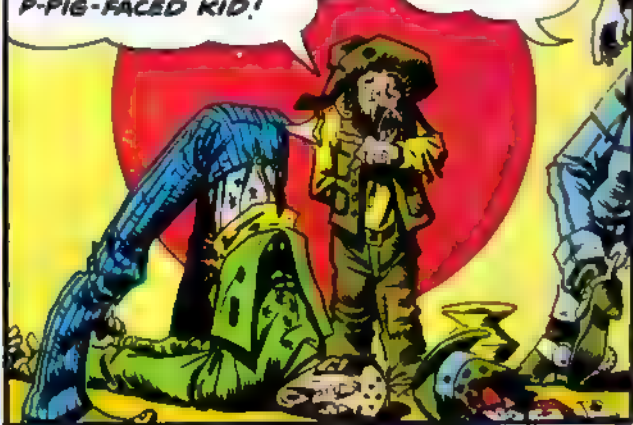
YUH GOT ME,  
STRANGER!

THAT TINY LITTLE DERRINGER PISTOL  
YOU HAD HIDDEN UNDER YOUR  
FINGER NAIL DIDN'T FOOL ME ONE BIT!  
LIKE I SAID... **WHEN I MAKES UP MUH  
MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T  
CHANGE EASY!**



**LOOKY H'AR, TEX! IN SLIPPERY  
SAM, THE GAMBLIN' MAN'S  
POCKET! A BILL O' SALE! IT  
SAYS SLIPPERY SAM SOLD THAT  
.48 REVOLVER THAT MADE A  
TWISTY SCRATCH TO THE  
P-PIG-FACED KID!**

WAL... GO TELL  
THE PIG-FACED  
KID I BE  
A-WAITIN' HERE  
FER HIM AT  
SUN-UP!



SUN-UP! I HEAR THE CLINKIN' OF  
A SET O' SPURS COMIN' UP THE  
SILENT STREET! THE PIG-FACED  
KID... MEANEST KILLER IN  
THE WEST, IS A-COMIN'!



SUN-UP! I SEES THE HAT OF A  
TALL HOMBRE, OVER THE SWINGIN'  
DOORS! THE PIG-FACED KID...  
THE TERROR OF ABILENE  
AN' ALL POINTS NORTH OF  
THE RIO... IS A-COMIN'!



SUN-UP! AN' WHEN I MAKES  
UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN',  
I DON'T CHANGE EASY, I  
THINK... EVEN THOUGH I'M  
FACE TO FACE WITH THE  
PIG-FACED KID!

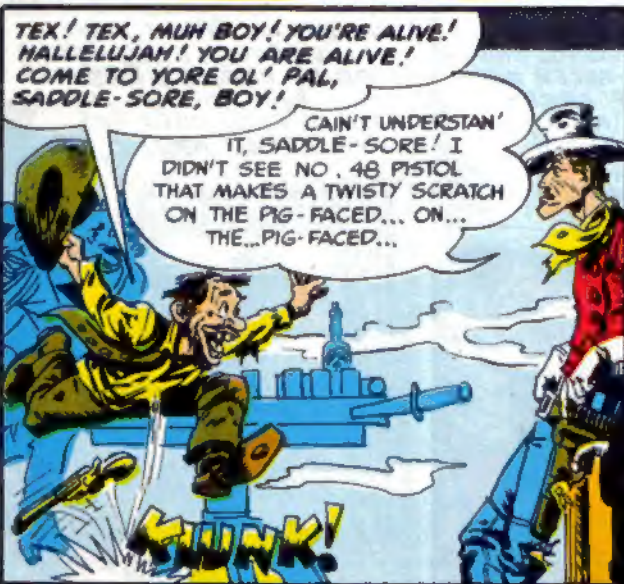
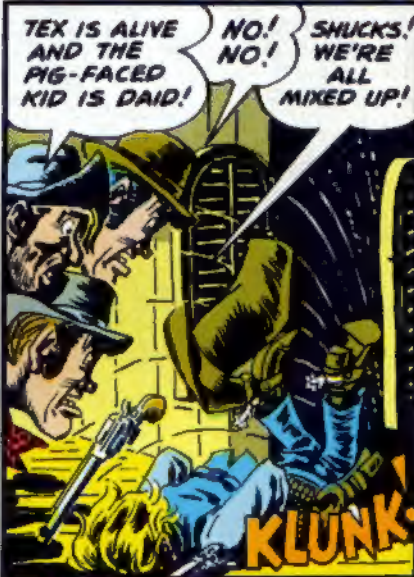




**KPON!**  
**KPON!**  
**KPON!**

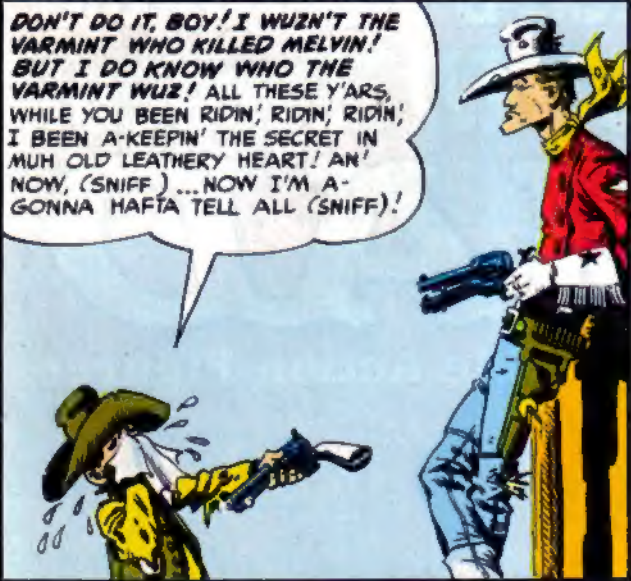
**BLABAM!**  
**BLABAMBAM**  
**RATATTATAT!**  
**POW!**

**ACK!**  
**POW!**  
**ALB!**  
**RATATTATAT!**  
**BOING!**  
**WHOMP!**  
**WHOMP!**  
**KAWHOMP!**  
**BAM!**

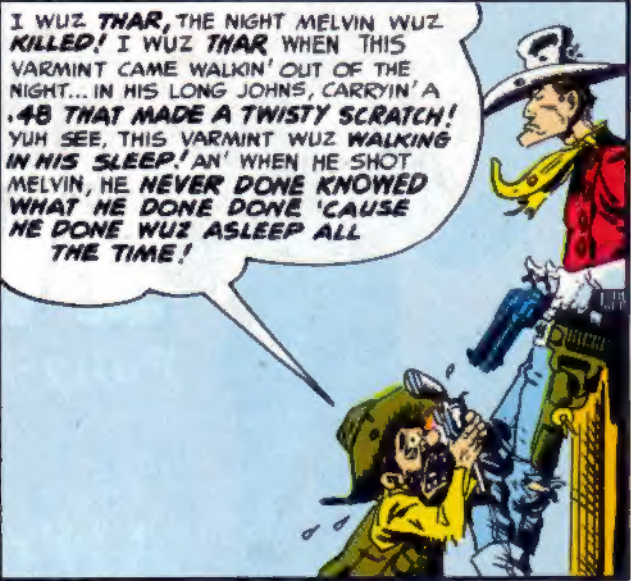




DON'T DO IT, BOY! I WUZ'N'T THE VARMINT WHO KILLED MELVIN! BUT I DO KNOW WHO THE VARMINT WUZ! ALL THESE Y'ARS, WHILE YOU BEEN RIDIN' RIDIN' RIDIN', I BEEN A-KEEPIN' THE SECRET IN MUH OLD LEATHERY HEART! AN' NOW, (SNIFF) ...NOW I'M A-GONNA HAFTA TELL ALL (SNIFF)!



I WUZ THAR, THE NIGHT MELVIN WUZ KILLED! I WUZ THAR WHEN THIS VARMINT CAME WALKIN' OUT OF THE NIGHT... IN HIS LONG JOHNS, CARRYIN' A .48 THAT MADE A TWISTY SCRATCH! YUH SEE, THIS VARMINT WUZ WALKING IN HIS SLEEP, AN' WHEN HE SHOT MELVIN, HE NEVER DONE KNOWED WHAT HE DONE DONE 'CAUSE HE DONE WUZ ASLEEP ALL THE TIME!



AND THE NAME OF THAT VARMINT... THE NAME OF THAT VARMINT WUZ PSSST SST PSSST SST!



WAAL ... LIKE I SAID! WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY!



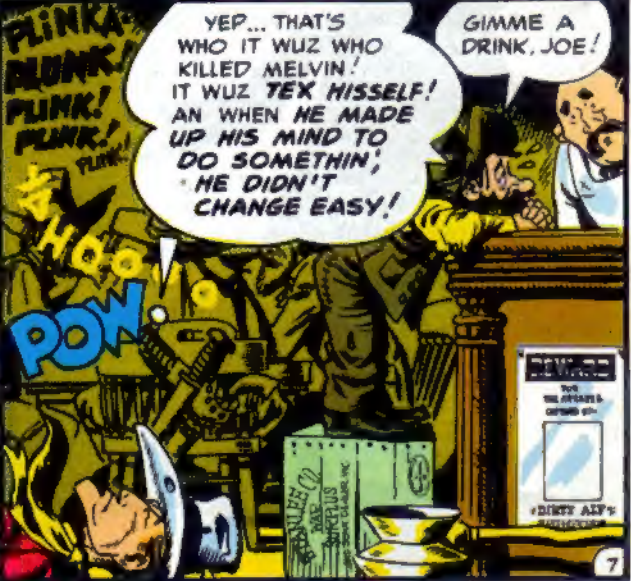
WHO WAS IT? WHO WAS THE VARMINT THAT KILLED MELVIN? WHO DID TEX JUST SHOOT? TELL US! WE'RE DYIN'!



LOOK, FELLAS! THE SMOKE'S LIFTIN'! THAR'S A BODY ON THE FLOOR! IT'S... IT'S...

YEP... THAT'S WHO IT WUZ WHO KILLED MELVIN! IT WUZ TEX HISSELF! AN' WHEN HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', HE DIDN'T CHANGE EASY!

GIMME A DRINK, JOE!





→ from inside front cover

their most engaging work.

By the second issue, the title's unique brand of humor started to exhibit itself. Suddenly, all the artists seemed to be named Melvin, and MAD's first mass-culture

parody appeared: "Melvin," a slapstick take on Tarzan.

Within a few issues, parodies of cultural icons became the comic's calling card; MAD spoofed everything from sports to super-heroes. And people laughed. Thanks to word of mouth, the magazine's initially weak sales began to grow. MAD's success spawned multiple competitors, even one published by E.C. itself called PANIC.

As MAD's second year came to an end, Kurtzman told Gaines that he felt he had exhausted the spoof genre. Coupled with the newly formed Comics Code restrictions, Gaines ran with Kurtzman's concept of turning MAD into a black and white magazine. The new version of MAD, which began with issue #24, was an instant success, and even went back to press for a rare second printing. It has been a black and white success ever since, outlasting all its competitors and giving the world Alfred E. Neuman, Spy vs. Spy and wonderful artists including Sergio Aragonés, Don Martin and Mort Drucker, among many others.

MAD continues to thrive to this day, filled with the inspired work of the Usual Gang of Idiots, and always pondering the question: "What, Me Worry?"

—Robert Greenberger

## **TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD #1 OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1952**

### **"Hooahh!"**

Story by Harvey Kurtzman  
Art by Jack Davis

### **"Blobs!"**

Story by Harvey Kurtzman  
Art by Wally Wood

### **"Ganefs!"**

Story by Harvey Kurtzman  
Art by Will Elder

### **"Varmint!"**

Story by Harvey Kurtzman  
Art by John Severin

Cover and logo design by Glen Parsons

Cover by Harvey Kurtzman



**D C C O M I C S**

**William M. Gaines**  
Founder, MAD Magazine

**Jenette Kahn**  
President & Editor-in-Chief

**Paul Levitz**  
Executive Vice President &  
Publisher

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**Dale Crain**  
Editor-collected edition

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Assistant Editor-  
collected edition

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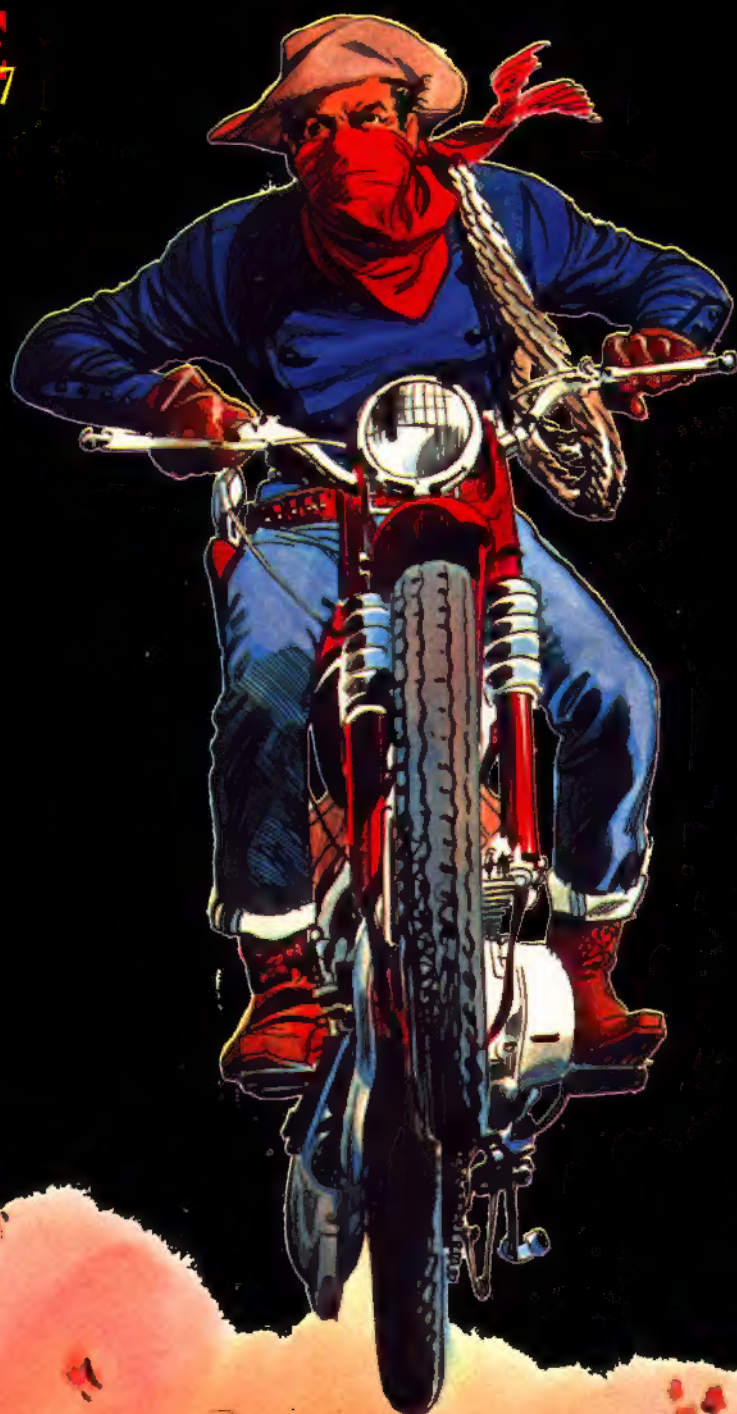


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